A

COLLECTION

OF

FARCES

AND OTHER

AFTERPIECES,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS FROM THE PROMPT BOOK:

SELECTED BY

MRS INCHBALD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
BON TON.
THE MOCK DOCTOR.
THE DEVIL TO PAY.
THE IRISH WIDOW.
THE MINOR.
THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.
THE LYAR.
FLORA.

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HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lovel, a Gentleman of Fortune,		Mr Munden.
Freeman, his Friend,		Mr Claremont.
Philip,	Servants to Lovel.	Mr Davenport.
Tom,		Mr Abbot.
Coachman,		Mr Atkins.
Kingston, a Black,		
Kitty,		Mrs Mills.
Cook,		Mrs Norton.
Cloe, a Black,		Mrs Masters.
Duke's Servant,	Visitors.	Mr Farley.
Sir Harry's Servant,		Mr Knight.
Lady Bab's Maid,		
Lady Charlotte's		Mrs Davenport.
Maid,		Mrs Gilbert.
Robert, Servant to Freeman,		Mr Thompson.
Fiddler.		

SCENE—*London*.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* FREEMAN'S *House.*

FREEMAN *and* LOVEL, *entering.*

Free. A country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time.—I am now convinced of what you have so often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St James's, than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my Blacks—if there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal: Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him: and for your Blacks, they are as bad as your Whites.

Lov. But to business—I am resolved upon my frolic—I will know whether my servants are rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my impertinence.—Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house—however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another. —Who waits? Send Robert to me.—And what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity. —Read it. [*Gives the Letter.*

Free. I should know something of this hand—[*reads.*]

To PEREGRINE LOVEL, *Esq.*

"Please your Honour,

I take the liberty to acquaint your Honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your Honour will find it as I say.—I am not willing to be known, whereof if I am, it may bring one into trouble.

So no more, from your Honour's

Servant to command."

——Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take? [*Returns the Letter.*

Lov. I shall immediately apply to my friend, the

manager, for a disguise—under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eye-witness of my servants' behaviour.—You must assist me, Mr Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr Lovel?

Lov. My plan is this—I gave out, that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.—

Free. Well?—

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town: *Ecce signum!*

[*Points to his Boots.*

Free. It is now one o'clock.

Lov. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear, I'll be so countryfied that you shall not know me.—Don't you remember how I played Daniel in the Conscious Lovers at school, and afterwards arrived at the distinguished character of the mighty Mr Scrub? [*Mimicking.*

Free. Ha, ha, ha! That is very well.—Enough—here is Robert.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Your honour ordered me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert—Robert?

Rob. Sir—

Free. Come here—you know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.—

Rob. I have always endeavoured that your honour should.

Free. Pray have not you some acquaintance among Mr Lovel's people?

Rob. A little, your honour.

Free. How do they behave?—we have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

Lov. Aye, Robert, speak out.

Rob. I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do insist—if you know any thing.

Rob. Sir, I am but a servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother servant.

Lov. Robert, I like your heartiness, as well as your caution; but in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, sir, is not to be spoken at all times, it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free. [*Musing.*] "Whereof if"—Pray, Mr Lovel, let me see that letter again [LOVEL *gives the Letter.*] —Aye—it must be so—Robert!

Rob. Sir?

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your honour?

Free. Yes, letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Free. I ask you, if you were concerned in writing this letter.—You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray your honour, don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it? answer me.

Rob. I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*

Lov. What induced you to it?

Rob. I will tell the truth.—I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot, and drunkenness, in your kitchen, sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Lov. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your honour; but your honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all

your servants; especially by Philip, who is a—very bad man.

Lov. Philip? an ungrateful dog! Well!

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your honour, and therefore I resolved, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

Lov. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here— [*Offers Money.*

Rob. On any other account than this I should be proud to receive your honour's bounty, but now I beg to be excused— [*Refuses the Money.*

Lov. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you.—Freeman, he must be in the secret.—Wait your master's orders.

Rob. I will, your honour. [*Exit.*

Free. Well, sir, are you convinced now?

Lov. Convinced! yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night.—You or Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip, as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done this afternoon; walk with me across the Park, and I'll tell you the whole.—My name shall be Jemmy.—And I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good character. [*Mimicking.*

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.—Come along.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—Jemmy—Bravo, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Duke's Servant.

What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working,

and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters.—Ha! —my dear Sir Harry!—

Enter Sir HARRY'S *Servant.*

How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My lord Duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, Baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord—we have had dev'lish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance I hear.—Pox take it, I should have been there, but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Pshaw! a trifle!

Sir H. The Viscount's people have been d——ly taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, Baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't.—Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. [*Offers his Box.*

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Aye?

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff.—I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning, but, 'fore gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people—[*reads.*] "Philip and Mrs Kitty, present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and to eat a bit of supper."

Duke. I have the same invitation—their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord?—Philip's a blood.

Duke A buck of the first head; I'll tell you a secret, he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No?

Duke. Yes he is, and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you,—Have you any thing for us?

Sir H. Yes, a little bit of poetry—I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself till eight.

Duke. Heigho!—I am quite out of spirits—I had a damned debauch last night, Baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob the Bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a piece—ha! there are two fine girls coming, faith—Lady Bab—aye, and lady Charlotte.— [*Takes out his Glass.*

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes—Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner—Your English women are damned negligent about their teeth.—How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte?

Duke. Aye, the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she is a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, Baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling—indeed I am sure of a place in the Excise—Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha?—here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire. [*They retire.*

Enter Lady BAB'S *Maid, and Lady* CHARLOTTE'S *Maid.*

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I'm sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again, I love Vaux Hall.

Lady B. O my stars! why, there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha!—Runelow for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel? I hate the fellow,—He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man for all that—soldiers, you know, have their mistresses every where.

Lady B. I despise him—How goes on your affair with the Baronet?

Lady C. The Baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him—You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Mrs Kitty has taste.

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The Duke is fond if her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The Duke might shew his judgment much better. [*Holding up her Head.*

Lady C. There he is, and the Baronet too.—Take no notice of them—we'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B. Dull souls! let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay; let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.—Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

DUKE *and Sir* HARRY *come forward.*

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us—I must follow—

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must,—I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so.—Sir Harry, you'll excuse me—Adieu, I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, hark ye, there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending: and so you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a perriwig-maker, got into my lord Duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Re-enter DUKE'S *Servant.*

Duke. Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little——.

[*Makes a motion as if with a Dice-box.*

Sir H. Fie, my lord Duke.

Duke. Look ye, Baronet, I insist on it.—Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it!—But I shall lose the girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha!—Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.——

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol. [*Exit singing and dancing.*

Sir H. [*Solus.*] He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune—and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment; so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

Mr Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry; I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company.—My master is gone into Devonshire, we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The Duke tells me so.

Phil. The Duke is a fool.

Sir H. Take care what you say; his Grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not

afraid of him, I assure you: Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch, I have such wine for you.

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad the cellars shall bleed: I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor. My master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What-d'ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha? charity begins at home, ha?—Odso, here is Mr Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he is a dry one. Don't let us be seen together, he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away. Remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right—long corks! ha, Phil? [*mimics the drawing of a Cork.*]—Yours. [*Exit.*

Phil. Now for a cast of my office; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary—Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh? Philip—How do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time—Sir, your servant. [*Going.*

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir: Sir, your servant. [*Going.*

Free. Oh! Mr Philip—pray stay—you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir— [*Bows.*

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest [PHILIP *bows*] rascals in the world. [*Aside.*

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man—poor fellow, he has a great number of children, and has sent me one of 'em, a tall gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlicked cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir. Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir: in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. [*Aside.*

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St James's; and for a table or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea—I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. [*Aside.*] Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. [*Aside.*

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly—call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I'll be with you in a minute—I will but step into the market, to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages—humph!

Free. How happy is Mr Lovel in so excellent a servant. [*Exit.*

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week,

and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas.——Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall, in* LOVEL'S *House,* KINGSTON *and Coachman, drunk and sleepy.*

[*Knocking at the Door.*

King. Somebody knocks—coachy! go—go to the door, coachy.——

Coa. I'll not go, do you go, you black dog.

King. Devil shall fetch me if I go.

Coa. Why then let them stay—I'll not go—damme—aye knock the door down, and let yourself in. [*Knocking.*

King. Aye, aye, knock again—knock again——

Coa. Master is gone into Devonshire—so he can't be there—so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I—I'll go to sleep too.

Coa. You lie, devil—you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep—I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk you are as sulky as hell.—Here is cooky coming, she is king and queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Somebody has knock'd at the door twenty times, and nobody hears—why, Coachman!—Kingston!—ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door?

Coa. You go, Cook; you go——

Cook. Hang me if I go——

King. Yes, yes, Cooky, go; Mollsy Pollsy, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad—it is none of my business, and go I will not. [*Sits down.*

Enter PHILIP *with* LOVEL *disguised.*

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as

the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket—what is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, hah! my lads, what, finished already? these are the very best of servants—poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't. [*Aside.*

Phil. Yo ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by. They are as fast as a church—Jemmy.

Lov. Anon.

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgrumdy? what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these worthy gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them if I might—heh—

Phil. Jemmy, wake 'em Jemmy——ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Hip—Mr Coachman.

[*Gives him a great slap on the Face.*

Coa. Oh! oh? zounds! Oh! damn you.

Lov. What, blackey, blackey.

[*Pulls him by the Nose.*

King. Oh! oh!—what now! curse you! Oh!—Cot dam you.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! well done Jemmy. Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed—

Coa. She shan't see us to bed—we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt, reeling.*

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I *sees* how you live—

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure: who else? ha, ha, ha. He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Humph. [*Aside.*

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh! [*Aside.*

Cook. Prithee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm 'squire Freeman's boy,—heh—

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound; and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a-week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, that is good—Freeman shall have it. [*Aside.*

Cook. I must step to my tallow-chandler's, to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.—

Phil. Well said, Cook, that is right, the perquisite is the thing, Cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe, where are you, Cloe? [*Calls.*

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress——

Cook. Take that box, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Yes, mistress; [*takes the Box.*] who is this? [*seeing* LOVEL.] hee, hee, hee! this is pretty boy—hee, hee, hee—Oh—this is pretty red hair, hee, hee, hee.—You shall be in love with me by-and-by.—Hee, hee. [*Exit, chucking* LOVEL *under the Chin.*

Lov. A very pretty amour. [*Aside.*] Oh la! what a fine room is this—is this the dining room, pray, sir?

Phil. No, our drinking room.

Lov. La! la! what a fine lady here is.—This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer.—Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here! [LOVEL *bows.*

Phil. A boy of Freeman's, a poor silly fool.

Lov. Thank you.

Phil. I intend the entertainment of this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr Philip.

Phil. But I beg that I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. [*Fawningly.*

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family—

Lov. A dog! [*Aside.*]—O la, la! what have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead—

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Aye, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear.

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded— [*Apart.*

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one—I was half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native—*Comment vous portez vous, Mounsieur?* [*Awkwardly.*

Phil. Pshaw! pshaw!

Kit. One is nothing without French—I shall shine at the bar.——Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anon——

Kit. Anon—O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here,

do, and let me new-mould you a little—you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

[*She ties and powders his hair.*

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural! this is a strange head of hair of thine, boy, it is so coarse and so carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. and *Kit.* Ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Kit. There, now you are something like—come Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the *Servants Guide.*

Phil. Come sir, first, hold up your head—very well—turn out your toes, sir—very well—now call coach—

Lov. What is "call coach?"

Phil. Thus, sir, "coach, coach, coach!" [*Loud.*

Lov. Coach, coach, coach! [*Imitating.*

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear—Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. Oh la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now; what's a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand in it.—Now I'll lecture him.—[*Takes out a Book.*] This is *The Servants Guide to Wealth,* by Timothy Shoulderknot, *formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the Customs: Necessary for all servants.*

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains, and remember them well—Come, Kitty, begin——

Kit. [*Reads.*] "Advice to the footman:

Let it for ever be your plan
To be the master, not the man,
And do—as little as you can."

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Phil. You will understand that better one day or other, boy.

Kit. "To the groom:
Never allow your master able
To judge of matters in the stable.
If he should roughly speak his mind,
Or to dismiss you seems inclined,
Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddines! that's good—he, he, he!

Kit. "To the coachman:
If your good master on you doats,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger! he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time—Here boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!—very good:—But now for business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get out one of the damask tablecloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil. your sideboard is very smart. [*Exit.*

Phil. That it shall—come, Jemmy! [*Exit.*

Lov. Soh!—Soh!—It works well. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Sideboard set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, *and* LOVEL.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? don't we look very smart?——Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but——

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know—He's a queer son of a——

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?—Here's cook, and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, you think yourself mighty honest—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honester than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkee, you Mr Honesty, don't be saucy—

Lov. This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah! cully? afraid, sirrah! afraid of what? [*Goes up to* TOM.

Phil. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up on the other side.*

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house.—And that you, Mr Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged.

[*Strikes* LOVEL.

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow. [*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again.—'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. 'Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old-clothes woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never——ha?

Tom. No, never: I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that—[*Snapping his fingers.*] His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!—

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house. [*Aside.*

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur!

Phil. Well, go, tell his honour, do—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that—damn an informer! but yet I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other, that's all. [*Exit.*

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel, you will not—(*Aside.*) —O la! here's a fine gentleman!

Enter DUKE'S *Servant.*

Duke. Ah! ma chere Mademseille! comment vous portez vous? [*Salute.*

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, Mounsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But my dear Kitty— [*Talk apart.*

Phil. Jemmy.

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Yes, I will—But won't you ask *he* to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by and by. Come along.

Lov. Yes. [*Exeunt* PHILIP *and* LOVEL.

Kit. Indeed I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—You have a damned vile collection of pictures, I observe, above stairs, Kitty—Your 'squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste? that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre Eau de Luce.—My head aches confoundedly—[*She gives a smelling bottle*].—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez moi, for that——

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith.

Kit. How you rattle, Duke! I am thinking, my Lord, when I had the honour to see you last.

Duke. At the play, Mademseille.

Kit. Your Grace loves a play?

Duke. No, it is a dull old-fashioned entertainment, I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then.——You are devilish handsome, Kate,—kiss me.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter Sir HARRY'S *Servant.*

Sir H. Oh, oh! are you thereabouts, my lord Duke? That may do very well by-and-by—however, you'll never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner—nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility.—Now, I think we have more true nobility than you—let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire——

Duke. A knight of the shire! ha, ha, ha!—a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O lud! this is charming to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morillity.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours, and the huzzas of a mob?

Kit. Very smart, my lord. Now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt——

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here. Ha' done, Sir Harry—

Sir H. Not I. Why, he's always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. [*Slow.*

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity if we refuse the supplies? [*Quick.*

Kit. Peace, peace! here's Lady Bab.

Enter Lady BAB's *Servant in a Chair.*

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady B. Mrs Kitty, your servant. I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do ye do?—My lord Duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too, your's.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted——

Lady B. I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time—[*looks on her Watch*]. But I got into my fav'rite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning. Some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. *Shikspur.* Did you never read *Shikspur?*

Kit. *Shikspur! Shikspur!* Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other.—Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady CHARLOTTE'S *Maid in a Chair.*

Dear Lady Charlotte—

Lady C. Oh! Mrs Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house, such a fit of the cholic seized me—Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drones—My lord Duke, the pink of all good breeding!

Duke. Oh! Ma'am— [*Bowing.*

Lady C. And Sir Harry—your servant, Sir Harry. [*Formally.*

Sir H. Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. [*Scornfully.*

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!——

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness of late, and despise you—a trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility—that sly dog, the Marquis——

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir; the Marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I, I, madam? I scorn such a thing. I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—egad I am confounded! My lord Duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. [*Aside.*

Duke. Ask her to shew her legs—ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

Enter PHILIP *and* LOVEL, *loaded with Bottles.*

Phil. Here, my little peer, here is wine that will ennoble your blood.—Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. [*affecting to be drunk.*] Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble Port to imperial Tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking Kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, madam.—I will certainly wait on their lordships and their ladyships too.

[*Aside and Exit.*

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper? have you had your tea?

All. A dance, a dance! No tea, no tea.

Phil. Come here—where are all our people? [*Enter Coachman, Cook,* KINGSTON, CLOE.] I'll couple you;—my lord Duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry, Lady Charlotte, coachman and cook, and the two devils dance together, ha, ha, ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after.—I beg the Duke and Mrs Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir* HARRY *bows.*

All. Minuet, Sir Harry! minuet, Sir Harry!

Kit. What minuet?—Let me see—play Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

[*A Minuet by Sir* HARRY *and* KITTY; *awkward and conceited.*]

Lady C. Mrs Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come now to supper—a gentleman and a lady—

[*They sit down.*]

Phil. We will set the wine on the table;—here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a bottle of Tokay for the ladies—there are tickets on every bottle;—if any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port; 'tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good as take care of themselves. [*A pause.*

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "hob or nob!"

Lady C. Done, my lord; in Burgundy if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink. A pause.*

Phil. Come, ladies and gedtlemen, a bumper all round—I have a health for you—" Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses."

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh. A pause.*

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*

Phil. My Lord Duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty——

Phil. Oh, no!—a health and a sentiment.

Duke. A health and a sentiment!—No, no, let us have a song—Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it?——Well then—Mrs Kitty we must call upon you—will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song! Sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure,—but first,—preludio—[*kisses* KITTY.] Pray, gentlemen, put it about. [*Kissing round*—KINGSTON *kisses* CLOE *heartily.*]

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—hem—I must clear up my pipes—hem—this is Sir Harry's song; being a new song, entitled and called,

The Fellow Servant; or, All in a Livery.

[KITTY sings.]

I.

Come here, fellow servant, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.
CHORUS.—Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow servant,
And there fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

II.

See yonder fine spark in embroid'ry drest,
Who bows to the great, and, if they smile is blest,
What is he, i'faith, but a servant at best?
CHORUS.—Both high, &c.

III.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and love;
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.
CHORUS.—Both high and low in this do agree,
That 'tis here fellow servant,
And there fellow servant,
And all in a livery.

Phil. How do you like it, my Lord Duke?

Duke. It is a damned vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O very low! very low indeed.

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. This is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! you are a rascal—I'll pull you by the nose! [*All rise.*

Duke. Look ye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies—If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! what you will—pistols—

Duke. Done—behind Montague House—

Sir H. Done—with seconds—

Duke. Done.

Phil. Oh shame, gentlemen—My Lord Duke!—Sir Harry, the ladies! fie!

[*Duke and Sir* HARRY *affect to sing.*

A violent knocking.

What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [*Exit* KINGSTON.] It sounds like my master's rap—Pray heaven it is not he!—[*Enter* KINGSTON.] Well Kingston, what is it?

King. It is my master and Mr Freeman—I peeped through the key-hole, and saw them by the lamplight—Tom has just let them in.—

Phil. The devil he has? What can have brought him back!

Kit. No matter what—away with the things.—

Phil. Away with the wine—away with the plate—Here Coachman, Cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand—out with the candles—away, away.

[*They carry away the Table, &c.*

Visitors. What shall we do? what shall we do?

[*They all run about in confusion.*

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

LOVEL, *without.*

Philip—where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs—Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My Lord Duke, get into the pantry—away, away.

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Any where, any where—up the chimney if you will.

Phil. There—in with you.

[*They all go into the pantry.*

LOVEL, *without.*

Philip—Philip—

Phil. Coming, sir,—[*Aloud.*]—Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes; here is one.

Phil. Egad, this is black Monday with us—sit down—seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk as a piper— [*They sit down.*

Enter LOVEL *with Pistols, affecting to be Drunk,* FREEMAN *following.*

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons?—What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed—[*Aside.*]—Mrs Kitty and I had got into a good book your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman,—lie you there.—[*Lays his Pistols down.*] I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.—

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Love. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir! to-night?

Love. Yes; to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle 'em all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lov. Why not!

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is! [*Aside.*

Duke. Philip—Philip—Philip.— [*Peeping out.*

Phil. Pox take you!—hold your tongue.—[*Aside.*

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute. [*Aside to* LOVEL.

Lov. I find I have—mum—[*Aside to* FREEMAN.] Get some wine, Philip—[*Exit* PHILIP.]—Though I must eat something before I drink—Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? lord, your honour! we are at board wages.

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it—here. [*Rises.*] Open the pantry door—I'll be about your board wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry.

[*Opposing him.*

Lov. Well, then we must be contented, Freeman.—Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine.

[*Sits down again.*

Kit. Had not my master better go to bed?

[*Makes signs to* FREEMAN *that* LOVEL *is drunk.*

Lov. Bed! not I—I'll sit here all night—'tis very pleasant: and nothing like variety in life.

Sir H. [*Peeping.*] Mrs Kitty, Mrs Kitty.

Kit. Peace, on your life. [*Aside.*

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, sir—hem—

PHILIP *brings Wine.*

Soh—very well—now do you two march off—march off, I say.

Phil. We can't think of leaving your honour—for egad if we do, we are undone. [*Aside.*

Lov. Begone—my service to you, Freeman—this is good stuff.—

Free. Excellent. [*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*

Kit. We are undone; undone. [*Aside.*

Phil. Oh; that is the duke's damn'd rappee. [*Aside.*

Lov. Didn't you a hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lov. Damn it! there are thieves in the house—I'll be among 'em— [*Takes a Pistol.*

Kit. Lack-a-day, sir, it was only the cat—they sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian—here Jack, Jack!—he has got a cold, sir—puss, puss!—

Lov. A cold? then I'll cure him—here Jack, Jack!—puss, puss!—

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash—pray your honour, don't.— [*Opposing.*

Lov. Stand off—here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed as you see—Freeman—I'll hold you five to four,—nay I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry door.

Free. Try, try, but I think it impossible.—

Lov. I am a damned good marksman. [*Cocks the Pistol and points it at the Pantry door.*]—Now for it! [*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*]—Who the devil are all these? One—two—three—four.

Phil. They are particular friends of mine, sir. Servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expence, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle--[PHILIP *takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.*]—Bring it back—Do you usually entertain your company with tokay, Monsieur?

Phil. I, sir, treat with wine?

Lov. O yes, from humble port to imperial tokay too! [*Mimicking himself.*

Phil. How! Jemmy my master!

Kit. Jemmy! the devil!

Phil. Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

LOV. [*Changing his countenance, and turning his Wig.*] We'll set all to rights now. There, I am sober, at your service—what have you to say, Philip? [PHILIP *starts.*] You may well start--Go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace the Duke of——

Lov. And the impudence familiarly to assume his title--your grace will give me leave to tell you, "that is the door,"—and if ever you enter there again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin---begone---I beg their ladyships pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs---Ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! [*Sir* HARRY *steals off.*

Duke. Low bred fellows! [*Exit.*

Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn out. [*Exit.*

Lady B. They are downright Hottenpots. [*Exit.*

Phil. and Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Lov. Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house---you'll shine in the bar, madam. I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil. and Kit. Oh, sir,---good sir!

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning---and there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read night and morning before you say your prayers.

Kit. I am ruined and undone. [*Exit.*

Lov. But you, sir, for your villainy, and, what I hate worse, your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to shew you the way out---Your keys, sir.

[PHILIP *gives keys.*

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you--- you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement---be so good Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house —[*Points to* PHILIP.] And then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say—

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been?

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Lov. Well, Charles, I must thank you for my frolic—it has been a wholesome one to me—have I done right?

Free. Entirely—no judge could have determined better—as you punished the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.—But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their master's manners?

Lov. What manners must those be, which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Lov. If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them—but when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example. [*Exeunt.*

BON TON;

OR,

HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Minikin,	Mr R. Palmer.
Sir J. Trotley,	Mr Dowton.
Jessamy,	Mr De Camp.
Col. Tivy,	Mr Holland.
Davy,	Mr Mathews.
Lady Minikin,	Mrs Dormer.
Miss Tittup,	Miss Mellon.
Gymp,	Miss Tidswell.

BON TON;

OR,

HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter Lady MINIKIN *and Miss* TITTUP.

Lady M. It is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and, you know, matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

Miss T. Ha, ha, ha! how can you be so hypocritical, Lady Minikin, as to pretend to uneasiness at such trifles! but pray have you made any new discoveries of my lord's gallantry?

Lady M. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney coach, with a minx in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn yours, Tittup, for I shall never bear to see one of that colour again.

Miss T. Sure she does not suspect me! [*Aside.*] And where was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Lady M. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his vis-a-vis.

Miss T. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the vis-a-vis?

Lady M. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's lover! [*Takes her by the hand.*] O fye, Tittup!

Miss T. Pooh, pooh, love and friendship are very fine names to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintance; we know their names indeed, talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors, but we never let 'em in, you know.

[*Looking roguishly at her.*

Lady M. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss T. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education. We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if, after I was married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady M. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse—ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. But is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband, should create such indifference; for certainly, in every other eye, his lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady M. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turned; if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss T. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady M. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues—poor girl!—go on!

Miss T. He is a very handsome man.

Lady M. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss T. He has wit.

Lady M. He is a lord, and a little goes a great way.

Miss T. He has great good nature.

Lady M. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss T. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady M. Was a great one—but he games, and if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hanged—and so, exit my Lord Minikin—and now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin, Sir John Trotley, baronet, enter: where is he, pray?

Miss T. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets, and newspapers, against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady M. I am a great favourite, but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous ideas of things;—Is'n't it pleasant to hear him abuse every body, and every thing, and yet always finishing with a—you'll excuse me, cousin?—ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? one of the knots of his tye hanging down his left shoulder, and his fringed cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust through his gold button-hole, which looked exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar—"Niece Tittup," cries he, drawing himself up, "I protest against this manner of conducting yourself, both at home and abroad."—What are your objections, Sir John, answered I, a little pertly.—"Various and manifold," replied he; "I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round in the vortex of Pantheons, Operas, Festinos, Coteries, Masquerades, and all the Devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name

of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after—you'll excuse me, cousin!"—and so he left me.

Lady M. O, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs Pewitt.

Lady M. Poor Pewitt!—if she can be but seen at public places, with a woman of quality, she's the happiest of plebeians. [*Reads the Card.*

"Mrs Pewitt's respects to Lady Minikin, and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Filligree's ball this evening.—Lady Daisey sees masks."—We'll certainly attend her—Gymp, put some message cards upon my toilet, I'll send an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to-day again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady Pettitoes, and if she should unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprained ancle.

Miss T. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained ancle.

Lady M. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it, and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home. I am horribly low spirited to-day; do, send your colonel to play at chess with me,—since he belong'd to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like every thing that loves my Titty. [*Kisses her.*

Miss T. I know you do, my dear lady. [*Kisses her.*

Lady M. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her: [*Aside.*] Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [*Exit.*

Miss T. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken: my lord shall know every title

that has passed: what a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine spirited gallant soldier my colonel is! my Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; and my lord likes me, and I like my lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect. She must be very silly indeed, who can't flutter about the flame, without burning her wings—what a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months!—we went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family! but half a year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripened our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter Colonel TIVY.

Col. T. May I hope, madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss T. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections?

Col. T. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss T. O fye, colonel! [*Curtsies and blushes.*

Col. T. By my honour, madam, I mean what I say.

Miss T. By your honour, colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? don't I know that you fine gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table; and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with.

Col. T. How can you, miss, treat me so cruelly? have I not absolutely forsworn dice, mistress, every thing, since I dared to offer myself to you?

Miss T. Yes, colonel, and when I dare to receive you, you may return to every thing again, and not

violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. T. Give me but your consent, madam, and your life to come—

Miss T. Do you get my consent, colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. T. How shall I get your consent?

Miss T. By getting me in the humour.

Col. T. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss T. O, there are several ways; I am very good natured.

Col. T. Are you in the humour now?

Miss T. Try me.

Col. T. How shall I?

Miss T. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military?—how shall I?—I'll tell you how; —when you have a subtile, treacherous, politic enemy to deal with, never stand shilly shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword;—march, beat drum—dub, dub, a dub— present, fire, piff-pauff—'tis done! they fly, they yield —victoria! victoria! [*Running off.*

Col. T. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel!— [*Bringing her back.*

Miss T. No, no, no, I have no time to be killed now; besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and my lord is low spirited, and wants me at picquet; my uncle is in an ill humour, and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. T. And will you, miss?

Miss T. Will I?—no, I never do as I am bid: but you ought—so go to my lady.

Col. T. Nay, but miss—

Miss T. Nay, but colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you shall be broke, and then my maid won't accept of you; so march, colonel!— look'ee, sir, I will command before marriage, and do

what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose. [*Exit.*

Col. T. What a mad devil it is!—now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I should be damnably vext at this!—but she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can.—Tol, lol, lol, &c.

[*Exit singing.*

Enter Sir John TROTLEY *and* DAVY.

Sir J. Hold your tongue, Davy; you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I could live here for ever!

Sir J. More shame for you:—live here for ever!—what, among thieves and pickpockets!—what a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation; what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I should not have known the place again, nor the people; all the signs that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down;—not a bob or tye-wig to be seen! all the degrees from the parade in St James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—the mason laying bricks, the baker with his basket, the post-boy crying newspapers, and the doctors prescribing physic, have all their hair tied up; and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow;—Mr Whisp will do it for me—your honour and I look like Philistines among 'em.

Sir J. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovation;—all confusion and no distinction!—the streets now are as smooth as a turnpike road! no rattling and exercise in the hackney-coaches; those who ride in 'em are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachman must pull

to waken 'em, when they are to be set down—what luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour? 'feckins, I liked it hugely.

Sir J. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is every thing to delight my eye, and cherish my heart?

Sir J. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and squeezing, such a power of fine sights, fine shops full of fine things, and then such fine illuminations all of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless—they talk of country girls, these here look more healthy and rosy by half.

Sir J. Sirrah, they are prostitutes, and are civil to delude and destroy you: they are painted Jezabels, and they who hearken to 'em, like Jezabel of old, will go to the dogs; If you dare to look at 'em, you will be tainted, and if you speak to 'em you are undone.

Davy. Bless us, bless us!—how does your honour know all this!—were they as bad in your time?

Sir J. Not by half, Davy—in my time, there was a sort of decency in the worst of women;—but the harlots now watch like tygers for their prey; and drag you to their dens of infamy—see, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth. [*Shews his Neckcloth.*

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would not have hurt you.

Sir J. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope, for I have not had half my bellyfull yet.

Sir J. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate; you shan't go out again to-night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can look over my things, and see they don't cheat you.

Davy. Your honour then won't keep your word with me? [*Sulkily.*

Sir J. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take sixpen'oth of one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow.

Sir J. Well, well, so I did: is it a moral piece, Davy?

Davy. O yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called the Rival Cannanites, or the Tragedy of Braggadocia.

Sir J. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my word; there's money for you—[*gives him some.*] but come strait home, for I shall want to go to bed.

Davy. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Sir J. This fellow would turn rake and maccaroni if he was to stay here a week longer—bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step! O, that I were once settled safe again at Trotley-place!—nothing but to save my country should bring me back again; my niece, Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and bedevill'd, that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what can be expected from the young women of these times, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals!—they lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gaming; and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattlesnake tippets—O tempora, O mores!

Lord MINIKIN *discovered in his powdering Gown with* JESSAMY *and* MIGNON.

Lord M. Pry'thee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortured all day under thy infernal fingers! give me my clothes.

Mig. Ven you loss your monee, my lor, you no

goot humour; the devil may dress your cheveu for me! [*Exit.*

Lord M. That fellow's an impudent rascal, but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Our beef and pudding enriches their blood so much, that the slaves in a month forget their misery and soup-maigre—O, my head!—a chair, Jessamy!—I must absolutely change my wine-merchant: I can't taste his champaigne, without disordering myself for a week!—heigho. [*Sighs.*

Enter Miss Tittup.

Miss T. What makes you sigh, my lord?

Lord M. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss T. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you—by your looks, my lord, I am afraid Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord M. No, faith; our champaigne was not good yesterday, I am vapoured like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss T. Like something very fine, to be sure; but pray keep your simile for the next time;—and hark'ee—a little prudence will not be amiss; Mr Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse. [*Half aside.*

Jes. O, pray don't mind me, madam.

Lord M. Gadso, Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jes. I shall, my lord;—miss thinks that every body is blind in the house but herself. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Miss T. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town talk.

Lord M. And so I will, my dear; and therefore to prevent surprise, I'll lock the door. [*Locks it.*

Miss T. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord M. Prudence, child, prudence. I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss T. You are not in possession yet, my lord:

I can't stay two minutes; I only came to tell you, that Lady Minikin saw us yesterday in the hackney-coach; she did not know me, I believe; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord M. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me?

Miss T. No, no, make yourself easy; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord M. You have given me spirits again.

Miss T. Her pride is alarm'd, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord M. Her pride then has been alarmed ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss T. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise; should she ever be convinced that we have a tendre for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord M. We should be envied, and she would be laught at, my sweet cousin.

Miss T. Nay, I would have her mortified too—for though I love her ladyship sincerely, I cannot say, but I love a little mischief as sincerely: but then if my uncle, Trotley, should know of our affairs, he is so old-fashioned, prudish, and out of the way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord M. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain; I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again—he has a fine fortune to leave behind him.

Miss T. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physician, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord M. What can we do with the barbarian?

Miss T. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him; I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him,

and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes turned in, has given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord M. Then you must affront him, or you never get the better of him.

Sir John TROTLEY, *knocking at the Door.*

Sir J. My lord, my lord, are you busy?

[*My Lord goes to the Door softly.*

Miss T. Heavens! 'tis that detestable brute, my uncle!

Lord M. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss T. What shall we do, my lord? [*Softly.*

Sir J. [*At the Door.*] Nay, my lord, my lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you?

Lord M. Ho, Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers, and open the door.

Miss T. Stay, stay, my lord, I would not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman; put me up the chimney; any where. [*Alarmed.*

Lord M. [*Aloud.*] I'm coming, Sir John; here, here, get behind my great chair; he shan't see you, and you may see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him. [*Puts her behind the Chair, and opens the door.*

Enter Sir JOHN.

During this Scene, my Lord turns the Chair as Sir JOHN *moves, to conceal* TITTUP.

Sir J. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have broken in upon you? I heard you talking pretty loud; what, have you nobody with you? what were you about, cousin? [*Looking about.*

Lord M. A particular affair, Sir John; I always lock myself up to study my speeches, and speak 'em aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir J. Ay, ay, 'tis the best way; I am sorry I disturb'd you;—you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord M. I am rather obliged to you, Sir John; intense application to these things, ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir J. May be so, and I hope the nation will be the beter for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. Excuse you, Sir John, I love your frankness; but why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir J. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way; and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, every thing and every body are in masquerade; your men and manners too are as much frittered and fricaseed, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord.

Miss T. [*Peeping.*] I wish I was out of the room, or he at the bottom of the Thames.

Sir J. But to the point;—I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece, Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Miss T. Now for it!

Lord M. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can shew her.

[*Lord* MINIKIN *and* TITTUP *make signs at each other.*

Sir J. She must deserve it though, before she shall have it; and I would have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Miss T. O, frightful! [*Aside.*

Lord M. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir J. And therefore ought to be concealed; 'tis their interest to conceal 'em; when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be a

scarcity of husbands; and then taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord M. Well said, Sir John; ha, ha!—your niece shall wear a horseman's coat, and jack boots to please you—ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. You may sneer, my lord, but for all that, I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen 'em too, and wish from my heart, that she is not much the worse for her journey—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. But why in a passion, Sir John?—

[*My Lord nods and laughs at Miss* TITTUP, *who peeps from behind.*

Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the right road?

Sir J. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it yourself; this comes of your travelling; all the town knows how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me!—that my niece suffers by the bargain; prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord M. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button-hole, but I don't chuse to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir J. I wish that he who first changed long neckcloths, for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I would give him.

Lord M. Pry'thee, baronet, don't be so horridly out of the way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte,* at the time we imported our neighbour's rouge, and their morals.

Sir J. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surprised, my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband; your lady,

my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord M. Will you have her, Sir John? she is very much at your service.

Sir J. Profligate! what did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord M. Convenience—marriage is not now-a-days an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who marry for love, and such old-fashioned stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir J. I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley.

[*Whistles and walks about.*

Miss T. I am frightened out of my wits!

[*Lord* MINIKIN *sings and sits down.*

Sir J. Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have got for her?

Lord M. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir J. May be so, and yet make a damn'd husband for all that. You'll excuse me!—what estate has he, pray?

Lord M. He's a colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir J. Here's morals! a happy man when his brother has broke his neck!—a happy man—mercy on me!

Lord M. Why he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John—

Sir J. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; I shan't hinder her; I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for 'em, not I; I can't live among you, nor eat with

you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice, I will neither rob nor be robbed; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broke his neck—you'll excuse me! [*Exit.*

Lord M. Ha, ha, ha! come, fox, come out of your hole! ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. Indeed, my lord, you have undone me; not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive!—but no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll e'en make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him, for the future, as if he was a poor relation.

Lord M. [*Kneeling, snatching her hand, and kissing it.*] I must kneel and adore you for your spirit; my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter Sir JOHN.

Sir J. One thing I had forgot— [*Starts.*

Miss T. Ha! he's here again!

Sir J. Why, what the devil;—heighho! my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation.—Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my lord; and your arguments have prevailed, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord!

Lord M. [*Smiling and mocking him.*] You'll excuse me, Sir, John!

Sir J. O yes, my lord, but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time—Miss Lucretia, how do you do, child! you are to be married soon—I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss T. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has

been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thanking—and—and—wishing me joy—in his foolish manner. [*Hesitating.*

Sir J. Is that all! but how came you here, child?—did you fly down the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss T. How can you talk so, Sir John?—you really confound me with your suspicions;—and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I shan't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run—you'll excuse me, uncle!

[*Exit running.*

Sir J. A fine hopeful young lady that, my lord.

Lord M. She is well-bred, and has wit.

Sir J. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my lord—you'll excuse me—that your marrying your lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her.—

Lord M. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world, and I never contend with ignorance and passion; live with me sometime, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the mean time, command my house;—I must away immediately to Lady Filligree's—and I am sorry you won't make one with us; here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my uncle want for any thing; you'll excuse me, Sir John; tol, lol, derol, &c. [*Exit singing.*

Sir J. The world's at an end! here's fine work!—here are precious doings!—this lord is a pillar of the state too; no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters;—heighho!—and then my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and hus-

band she is blessed with!—let me consider! should I tell the good woman of these pranks, I may only make more mischief, and mayhap, go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous;—poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing, to keep up her spirits, and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune, with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a plague to her! [*Exit.*

Lady MINIKIN'S *Apartment.*

Lady MINIKIN *and Colonel* TIVY *discovered.*

Lady M. Don't urge it, colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening, though I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among the servants; and perhaps from the mistake, break off your match with Tittup.

Col. T. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, madam!—therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me; you must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow, and a soldier as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady M. But it has not capitulated, and perhaps never will; however, colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think—keep your eyes upon me at the ball, I think I may expect that, and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing; I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast as you can; my lord and Tittup will be otherwise employed; Gymp will let us in the back way—no, no, my heart misgives me.

Col. T. Then I am miserable!

Lady M. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit; meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet.

[*Throws down her Glove.*

Col. T. [*Seizing it.*] Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Enter Sir JOHN *opening the Door.*

Sir J. May I presume, cousin?

Lady M. Ha! [*Squalls.*

Sir J. Mercy upon us, what are we at now!

Lady M. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room, without first knocking at the door? you have frightened me out of my wits!

Sir J. I am sure you have frightened me out of mine!

Col. T. Such rudeness deserves death!

Sir J. Death indeed! for I shall never recover myself again! all pigs of the same stye! all studying for the good of the nation!

Lady M. We must soothe him, and not provoke him. [*Half aside to the Colonel.*

Col. T. I would cut his throat, if you'd permit me.

[*Aside to Lady* MINIKIN.

Sir J. The devil has got his hoof into the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me too.

[*Going.*

Lady M. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir J. No mistake, my lady, I am thoroughly convinced—mercy on me!

Lady M. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident; you must know, that the moment you was at the door—I

had promised the colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup—this threw him into such a rapture, that upon my promising my interest with you, and wishing him joy, he fell upon his knees, and—and—[*laughing.*] ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Ha, ha, ha! yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir J. Ay, ay, fell upon your knees, and—and—ha! ha! a very good joke, faith; and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my lord is wishing joy, and I wish him joy and you with all my heart.

Lady M. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and though my resentment is curbed by my regard, my tears cannot be restrained; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. [*Exit crying.*

Col. T. I reverence you, sir, as a relation to that lady, but as her slanderer I detest you: her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied; you know what I mean; take your choice;—time, place, sword or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please? I am a soldier, Sir John.

Sir J. Very fine, truly! and so between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut; they are guilty of all sort of iniquity, and when they are discovered, the ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords—That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter Sir JOHN *and* JESSAMY.

Sir J. There is no bearing this! what a land we are in! upon my word, Mr Jessamy, you should look well to the house, there are certainly rogues about it; for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a Touch of the Times, and they have taken my hanger from my side; ay, and had a pluck at my watch too, but I heard of their tricks, and had it sewed to my pocket.

Jes. Don't be alarmed, Sir John: 'tis a very common thing, and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be picked up by privateers of all kinds; ha, ha!

Sir J. Not be alarmed when I am robbed! why, they might have cut my throat with my own hanger; I shan't sleep a wink all night: so pray lend me some weapon of defence, for I am sure if they attack me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jes. I'll lend you my own sword, Sir John; be assured there's no danger; there's robbing and murder cried every night under my window; but it no more disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch at my bed's head.

Sir J. Well, well, be that as it will, I must be upon my guard; what a dreadful place this is! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob; no wonder that murder ensues; sad, sad, sad—well, let me but get over this night, and I'll leave this den of thieves tomorrow; how long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home?

Jes. 'Tis impossible to say the time, sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company, and the

nature of the entertainment: for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir J. Why, what the devil, do you make one at these masqueradings?

Jes. I seldom miss, sir; I may venture to say, that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do; I was always reckoned an incomparable mask.

Sir J. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure. [*Aside.*

Jes. An odd, ridiculous accident happened to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drank a little too freely of the champaigne, I believe.

Sir J. You'll be hanged, I believe. [*Aside.*

Jes. Wit flew about,—in short I was in siprits—at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing; and who do you think I danced a minuet with? he! he! pray guess, Sir John?

Sir J. Danced a minuet with! [*Half aside*

Jes. My own lady, that's all; the eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well, and I believe I am pretty tolerable: after the dance, I was running into a little coquetry, and small talk with her.

Sir J. With your lady?—Chaos is come again! [*Aside.*

Jes. With my lady—but upon my turning my hand thus—[*conceitedly.*]—egad, she caught me; whispered me who I was; I would fain have laughed her out of it, but it would not do;—no, no, Jessamy, says she, I am not to be deceived: pray wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go bare-faced, as shew that hand and diamond ring.

Sir J. What a sink of iniquity!—prostitution on all sides! from the lord to the pick pocket,[*Aside.*]

Pray, Mr Jessamy, among other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh, Mr Jessamy?

Jes. A little whist or so;—but I am tied up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir J. I wish you was tied up somewhere else. [*Aside.*] I sweat from top to toe!—pray lend me your sword, Mr Jessamy; I shall go to my room; and let my lord and lady, and my niece, Tittup, know that I beg they will excuse ceremonies, that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and—that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jes. I shall certainly obey your commands; what poor ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are? [*Aside, and Exit.*

Sir J. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever! oh!—I wish it was morning! —this comes of visiting my relations!

Enter DAVY *drunk.*

So you wicked wretch you—where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour—London for ever!

Sir J. Did I not order you to come directly from the play, and not to be idling and raking about?

Davy. Servants don't do what they are bid in London.

Sir J. And did not I order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself, and tie your hair up like a monkey?

Davy. And therefore I did it—no pleasing the ladies without this—my lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashioned codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir J. Here's an imp of the devil!—he is undone,

and will poison the whole country—sirrah, get every thing ready, I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir!—I want to go to bed myself, sir.

Sir J. Why how now—you are drunk too, sirrah.

Davy. I am a little, your honour, because I have been drinking.

Sir J. That is not all—but you have been in bad company, sirrah!

Davy. Indeed, your honour's mistaken, I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir J. The fellow does not understand me— where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body—it makes one so good natured.

Sir J. This is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish.

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure your worship.

Sir J. Get away, you beast you, and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better—give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant, if not, provide yourself with another.

[*Struts about.*

Sir J. Here's a reprobate!—this is the completion of my misery!—but hark'ee, villain—go to bed—and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal you. [*Exit.*

Davy. That for you, old codger, [*snaps his fingers.*] —I know the law better than to be frightened with moonshine! I wish that I was to live here all my days!—this is life indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy—they

are as happy as their master, they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a wenching with as much ease, and tranquillity, as if they were going to a sermon! oh! 'tis a fine life!
[*Exit reeling.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Lord* MINIKIN'S *House.*

Enter Lord MINIKIN, *and Miss* TITTUP, *in masquerade dresses, lighted by* JESSAMY.

Lord M. Set down the candles, Jessamy, and should your lady come home let me know—be sure you are not out of the way.

Jes. I have lived too long with your lordship, to need the caution,—who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit.*

Miss T. [*Pulling off her mask.*] Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and will certainly be observed—I am most inconceivably frightened I can assure you —my uncle, Trotley, has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch—pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings till he goes into the country,—I find that my English heart, though it has ventured so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedoms of warmer climates—[*my Lord takes her by the hand.*] If you will not desist, my lord—we are separated for ever—the sight of the precipice turns my head, I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can—pray be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord M. To morrow! 'tis an age in my situation —let the weak, bashful, coyish whiner be intimidated with these faint alarms, but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and like the eagle in the midst of storms thus pounce upon his prey.
[*Takes hold of her.*

Miss T. Dear Mr Eagle, be merciful, pray let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

Lord M. If I do my dove, may I be cursed to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Jes. [*Without knocking at the Door.*] My lord, my lord!—

Miss T. [*Screams.*] Ha!

Lord M. Who's there?

Jes. [*Peeping.*] 'Tis I, my lord, may I come in?

Lord M. Damn the fellow! what's the matter?

Jes. Nay, not much my lord—only my lady's come home,

Miss T. Then I'm undone—what shall I do?—I'll run into my own room.

Lord M. Then she may meet you—

Jes. There's a dark deep closet, my lord—miss may hide herself there.

Miss T. For heaven's sake put me into it, and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord—what an escape have I had!

Lord M. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out [*puts her into the closet.*] lock the door on the inside—come softly to my room, Jessamy—

Jes. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never give me a laced waistcoat again.

[*Exeunt on tip-toes.*

Enter GYMP *lighting in Lady* MINIKIN, *and Colonel* TIVY, *in masquerade dresses.*

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the colonel, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I'm sure there will be bloodshed, for my lord is certainly in the house—I'll take my affadavy that I heard—

Col. T. It can't be I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade—I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady M. He's too busy, and too well employ'd to think of home—but don't tremble so, Gymp. There is no harm I assure you—the colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure it is proper that you talk together—I know you mean nothing but innocence—but indeed there will be bloodshed.

Col. T. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that—I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I certainly heard him go up the back stairs into his room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady M. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancied this—can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lord, my lady, they are always drunk before this and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady M. This frightened fool has made me as ridiculous as herself; hark!—colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs; now I am in the field, I find I am a coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be bloodshed.

Col. T. I'll slip down with Gymp this back way then. [*Going.*

Gymp. O dear my lady, there is somebody coming up them too.

Col. T. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady M. Run into the closet.

Col T. [*Runs to the Closet.*] There's no retreat—the door is locked!

Lady M. Behind the chimney-board, Gymp.

Col. T. I shall certainly be taken prisoner, [*Goes behind the Board,*] you'll let me know when the enemy's decamped.

Lady M. Leave that to me—do you, Gymp, go down the back stairs, and leave me to face my lord; I

think I can match him at hypocrisy. [*Sits down.*

Enter Lord MINIKIN.

Lord M. What, is your ladyship so soon returned from Lady Fillagree's?

Lady M. I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertained in a tête-à-tête with a lady in crimson—such sights, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord M. You find at least, that the lady, whoever she was, could not engage me to stay, when I found your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady M. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper, may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity; and this behaviour is a great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself.

[*Pretends to weep.*

Lord M. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady M. I think, my lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness, and your brutality, will only expose us to our servants—where is Tittup, pray?

Lord M. I left her with the colonel—a masquerade to young folks, upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives. [*Takes hold of her hand.*

Lady M. False man!—I had as lieve a toad touched me. [*Aside.*

Lord M. She gives me the frisonne—I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her [*Aside.*] —I am quite aguish to-night,—he—he—do my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family tête-à-tête, by way of novelty. [*Rings a Bell.*

Enter JESSAMY.

Let 'em take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady M. What shall I do? [*Aside, and greatly alarmed.*]—here, Jessamy, there is no occasion—I am going to my own chamber, and my lord won't stay here by himself. [*Exit* JESSAMY.

Lord M. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto—a good escape, faith! [*Aside.*

Lady M. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin, to agree to any thing that would afford him so little pleasure—I shall retire to my own apartments.

Lord M. Well, if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, though possessed of the greatest treasure.—[*bows.*] I wish your ladyship a good night—

[*He takes one Candle, and Lady* MINIKIN *the other.*

May I p[illegible]sume— [*Salutes her.*

Lady [illegible]. Your lordship is too obliging—nasty man! [*Aside.*

Lord M. Disagreeable woman! [*Aside.*

[*They wipe their lips, and exeunt different ways ceremoniously.*

Miss T. [*Peeping out of the Closet.*] All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here I cannot guess—I long to be relieved, I wish my lord was come—but I hear a noise! [*She shuts the Door.*

Col. T. [*Peeping over the chimney-board.*] I wonder, my lady does not come—I would not have Miss Tittup know of this—'twou'd be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss T. [*Comes forward.*] What would my colonel say to find his bride, that is to be, in this critical situation.

Enter Lord MINIKIN, *at one Door in the dark.*

Lord M. Now to relieve my prisoner. [*Comes forward.*

Enter Lady MINIKIN, *at the other Door.*

Lady M. My poor colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieged in garrison, I must release him. [*Going towards the Chimney.*

Lord M. Hist—hist?

Miss TITTUP, *Lady* MINIKIN, *and Colonel* TIVY.

Here! here!

Lord M. This way.

Lady M. Softly.

[*They all grope about till Lord* MINIKIN *has got Lady* MINIKIN *and the Colonel Miss* TITTUP.

Sir J. [*Speaks without.*] Light this way, I say; I am sure there are thieves, get a blunderbuss.

Jes. Indeed you dreamt it, there is nobody but the family. [*All stand and stare.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *in his cap, and hanger drawn, with* JESSAMY.

Sir J. Give me the candle, I'll ferret 'em out I warrant, bring a blunderbuss, I say; they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half hour; there must be mischief—I have watched 'em into this room—ho, ho, are you there?—If you stir, you are dead men—[*they retire.*]—and [*seeing the Ladies.*] women too!—egad—ha! what's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatched in this righteous town—you'll excuse me, cousins!

[*They all look confounded.*

Lord M. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir J. Well, but hark'ee, my dear cousins, have

you not got wrong partners?--here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mighty glad that I have brought you a candle, to set all to rights again--you'll excuse me, gentlemen and ladies!

Enter GYMP, *with a Candle.*

Gymp. What, in the name of mercy, is the matter?

Sir J. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it, against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord M. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? may not Lady Minikin and I, and the colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir J. Confusion! yes, you are all a little confused, but I'll settle this matter in a moment---as for you, colonel---though you have not deserved plain dealing from me, I will now be serious---you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me---'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me; if she marry you, and I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. T. Plain dealing is a jewel, and to shew you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence, and I am, ladies, your most obedient humble servant---I shall see you, my lord, at the club to-morrow?

[*Exit Col.* TIVY.

Lord M. Sans doute mon cher colonel—I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir J. My lord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord M. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir J. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told, what you have always turned a deaf ear to, that the dissipation of your fortune and morals, must be followed by years of parsimony and

repentance—as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord M. The bumkin is no fool, and is damned satirical. [*Aside.*

Sir J. This kind of quarantine for pestilential minds, will bring you to your senses, and make you renounce foreign vices and follies, and return with joy to your country and property again—read that, my lord, and know your fate. [*Gives a paper.*

Lord M. What an abomination this is! that a man of fashion, and a nobleman, shall be obliged to submit to the laws of his country.

Sir J. Thank heaven, my lord, we are in that country!—You are silent, ladies—if repentance has subdued your tongues, I shall have hopes of you—a little country air might perhaps do well—as you are distressed, I am at your service—what say you, my lady?

Lady M. However appearances have condemned me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances: my mind has been tainted, but not profligate—your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir J. Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time?

Lord M. For ever, dear Sir John, without a murmur.

Sir J. Well, miss, and what say you?

Miss T. Guilty, uncle. [*Courtseying.*

Sir J. Guilty! the devil you are? of what?

Miss T. Of consenting to marry one, whom my heart could not approve, and coquetting with another which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and every thing but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir J. Thus then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another, under this, I sally

forth a knight-errant, to rescue distressed damsels from those monsters, foreign vices, and Bon Ton, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here, will assist me in so desperate an undertaking—you'll excuse me, sirs! [*Exeunt.*

THE

MOCK DOCTOR;

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CURED.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gregory,	*Mr Matthews.*
Sir Jasper,	*Mr Maddocks.*
Leander,	*Mr Cooke.*
Harry,	*Mr Fisher.*
James,	*Mr Abbot.*
Charlotte,	*Miss Boyce.*
Dorcas,	*Miss Mellon.*
Maid,	*Miss Tidswell.*

THE

MOCK DOCTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter DORCAS *and* GREGORY.

Greg. I tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk, and to command.

Dor. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, *that a wife is worse than a devil.*

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotles!

Greg. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of faggots, that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a *Merry Andrew*, where I learnt physic.

Dor. O that thou hadst follow'd him still! cursed be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson, *I will.*

Greg. And cursed be the parson that ask'd me the question!

Dor. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself.——I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me.

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I.—*Bessy Bell.*

Dor. When a lady, like me, condescends to agree,
To let such a jackanapes taste her,
With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,
Who gives him—what's meat for his master?

His actions should still
Attend on her will,
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for warning;
To her he should be
Each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meat for my master! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken; for, to one of our shames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you, when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky, indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel, the 'squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dor. My four little children, that are continually crying for bread.

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dor. And do you imagine, sot——

Greg. Hark ye, my dear; you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[*Beats her.*

Dor. O murder! murder!

Enter 'SQUIRE ROBERT.

Rob. What's the matter here? fye upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dor. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, madam! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dor. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Rob. No certainly, madam.

Dor. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

AIR II.—*Winchester Wedding.*

Go thrash your own rib, Sir, at home,
 Nor thus interfere with our strife;
May cuckoldom still be his doom,
 Who strives to part husband and wife.

Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
 Whose bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?
At whose expense is it, you scrub?
 You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife, beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her. [*Exit.*

Rob. O! Sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob, Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself. [*Exit.*

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dor. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Psha! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon, I'm sorry for't.

Dor. For once I pardon you,—but you shall pay for it.

Greg. Psha! Psha! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred faggots before I come home again. [*Exit.*

Dor. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours! —Oh, that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

AIR III.—*Oh London is a fine Town.*

In ancient days, I've heard, with horns
The wife her spouse could fright,
Which now the hero bravely scorns,
So common is the sight.

To city, country, camp, or court,
Or wheresoe'er he go,
No horned brother dares make sport,
They're cuckolds all a-row.

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him well drubb'd!

Enter HARRY *and* JAMES.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

Jam. Blame your own cursed memory, that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a cursed misfortune! to lose the letter! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dor. Can I find no invention to be revenged?—Heyday! who are these?

Jam. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—where —where doctor what-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

Jam. Doctor—Doctor—what's his name?

Dor. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman; we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician, who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dor. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile, to save the lives of a thousand patients.

Jam. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha! Heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hangdog! [*Aside.*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckon'd one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives?

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting of wood.

Har. A physician cut wood?

Jam. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dor. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes drest like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads, as to be known for a physician.

Jam. All your great men have strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

Jam. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

Jam. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dor. Skilful? why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little drop of something down her throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh prodigious!

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful!

Har. Hey! gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

Jam. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue 'till he set it a-going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talk'd her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

Jam. What, that he yonder?

Dor. The very same.—He has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

Jam. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. —Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dor. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

Jam. He shan't want that. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter JAMES, HARRY, *and* GREGORY.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

Jam. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

Jam. We are mighty happy in finding you here.

Greg. Ay, like enough.

Jam. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour.—We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

Jam. Sir, you are extremely obliging—but, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd, the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen, by their dress; but should be courtiers, by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

Jam. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

Jam. O dear Sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy faggots cheaper

otherwhere; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

Jam. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

Jam. Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

Jam. O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person, like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

Jam. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

Jam. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

Jam. The fit is on him.——Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that that I'm no physician.

Jam. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find.—And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

Jam. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Jam. Well, if we must, we must. [*Beats him.*

Greg. Oh! oh! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! what are

you doing? I am—am I—whatever you please to have me.

Jam. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

Jam. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

Jam. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me, if I am.

Har. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be pox'd, if I am. [*They beat him*] Oh!—oh!—Dear gentlemen! Oh! for heaven's sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me: I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o'the head.

Jam. Dear Sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

Jam. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

Jam. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

Jam. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

Jam. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician, without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

Jam. My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it.—But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while.——Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head is more dangerous than is imagined. —Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a crack'd china cup.

AIR IV.—*Pinks and Lilies.*

A woman's ware, like china,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman at St James's,
With hundreds you obtain:
But stay till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane,

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jasper's House.*

Enter SIR JASPER *and* JAMES.

Sir Jas. Where is he? where is he?

Jam. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for, were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir Jas. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mentioned.

Jam. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself.——Here he is.

Enter GREGORY *and* HARRY.

Har. Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir Jas. Dear Sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says, we should both be cover'd.

Sir Jas. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Sir Jas. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters——

Sir Jas. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, doctor.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha!——I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Sir Jas. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir Jas. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done. [*Beats him.*

Sir Jas. Done, in the devil's name? what's done?

Greg. Why now you are made a doctor of physic —I am sure its all the degrees I ever took.

Sir Jas. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

Jam. I told you, Sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir Jas. Whims, quotha!——egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir Jas. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows.

Sir Jas. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir Jas. Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir.—My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it: and I wish with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me, as your daughter, to shew the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir Jas. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir Jas I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir Jas. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlot?

Sir Jas. No, Sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name

for a patient; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

Enter Charlotte *and Maid.*

Sir Jas. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance; and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Sir Jas. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? what's your distemper?

Char. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Char. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?

Char. Han, hi, hon.

Greg. Han! Hon! Honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! Hi! Hon! what the devil of a language is this?

Sir Jasp. Why, that's her distemper, Sir; she's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause; and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! why so?

Sir Jas. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!—would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jas. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir Jas. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir Jas. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the *Boree*, or the *Coupee*, or the *Sinkee*, or twenty other distempers: but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her—if she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Jas. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir Jas. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Jas. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jas. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man; he was indeed a very great man,—A man, who upon that subject was a man that—but to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours, which our great physicians call—humours——humours—-Ah! you understand Latin?—

Sir Jas. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Jas. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci Thurum Cathalimus, Singulariter nom. Hæc musa, hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc Musæ, Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne

oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia Substantivo & Adjectivum concordat in Generi, Numerum, & Casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.

Sir Jas. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, *Whiskerus*, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, *Jackbootos*, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, *Periwiggus*, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the *Omotaplasmus*, and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? and because the said humours have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Jas. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—be attentive if you please.

Sir Jas. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these vapours *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir Jas. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing.—I always thought till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly, but we have changed all that.—The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir Jas. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no harm—you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Sir Jas. Very true; but doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir Jas. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir;—and what's better than punch, to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do a business all at once.

Sir Jas. Doctor, I ask pardon, you shall be obey'd. [*Gives money.*

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her.—But hold! there's another young lady here, that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, madam, so much the worse—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do, but to take physic, and bleed away.

Sir Jas. Oh strange! What, bleed, when one has no distemper.

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it—or, as we say in Greek, *distemprum bestum est curare ante habestum.*—What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take every six hours one of these bolus's.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf sugar.

Greg. Take one of these bolus's, I say, every six

hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Holland's geneva.

Sir Jas. Sure, you are in jest, doctor.—This wench does not shew any symptom of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic; I shall prepare something for you.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, Sir? Why then if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere, and so humbly *beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras.* [*Exit.*

Sir Jas. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter LEANDER.

Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.—Oh how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

AIR V.

O cursed power of gold,
For which all honour's sold,
And honesty's no more!
For thee we often find
The great in leagues combined
To trick and rob the poor.

By thee the fool and knave
Transcend the wise and brave,
So absolute thy reign;
Without some help of thine,
The greatest beauties shine,
And lovers plead in vain.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning, and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of my assistance indeed. What a pulse is here! What do you do out o'your bed? [*Feels his Pulse.*

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, Sir! not sick! do you think I don't know when a man is sick, better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady your patient, from whom you just now came, and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cured.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir, a physician for a pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir! make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise; you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Greg. I shall shew you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, saucy —[LEANDER *gives a Purse.*]——I'm not speaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not—— which always puts me, Sir, into such a passion, that—

Lean. I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O dear Sir! no offence in the least.—Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The physicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have deriv'd it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlot's, to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!—suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I see a patient: I'll e'en continue a physician as long as I live.

[*Exit* LEANDER.

Enter JAMES *and* DAVY.

Jam. [*Speaking to* DAVY.] Fear not, if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again.--Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [GREG. *holds out his hand.*] If your worship would find out some means to cure her——

Greg. What's the matter with her?

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropsy; another 'tis what-d'ye-call-it, the tumpany; a third says, 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says, the rumatiz; a fifth—

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, Sir?

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink, eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come, to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend. [*Holding out his hand.*

Davy. The purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word that you mean.

Jam. His wife is sick, doctor, and he has brought you a guinea for your advice.—Give it the doctor, friend. [Davy *gives the Guinea.*

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper. You say your wife is always calling for drink; let her have as much as she desires, she can't drink too much; and, dy'e hear? give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, Sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese, Sir. The cheese, of which this is a part, has cur'd more people of a dropsy, than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit.*

Greg. Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. Oh physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dor. For though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR VI.—*Thomas I cannot.*

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
Who's bred at the court, or France,
He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
And minds not the good main-chance.
Be Gregory
The man for me,
Though given to many a maggot;
For he would work
Like any Turk;
None like him e'er handled a faggot, a faggot,
None like him e'er handled a faggot.

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose.—Come hider, shild, leta me feela your pulsa.

Dor. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear, and I am to feel a de pulse of the pation.

Dor. Yes, but I am no pation, Sir, nor want no physician, good Dr Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be put a to bed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de little peel, dat sal cure you, as you have more distempre den ever were heard off.

Dor. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dor. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*] —Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me, you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a Purse.*]

Dor. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills; and what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh begar! me vill show you, me vill teacha you what you sal doe; you must come kissa me now,

you must come kissa me.

Dor. [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very hangdog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. [*Aside.*]—Well, doctor, and are you cured now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. [*Aside.*]—Dis is not a propre place, dis too publick, for sud any one pass by while I taka dis physick, it vill preventa de opperation.

Dor. What physic, doctor?

Greg. In your ear, dat. [*Whispers.*

Dor. And in your ear, dat, Sirrah. [*Hitting him a box.*] Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain! D'ye think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue? There, take your purse again.

Greg. But where's the gold?

Dor. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman, when I least expected it! Oh my injured dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband.

Dor. Ha!

Greg. Oh me, I am so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of men, as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dor. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred, for the strangest accident has happened to me!

Dor. Yes, my dear, but I can tell you whom you are obliged to for that accident; had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

Greg. Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing?

Dor. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence.

Greg. How infinitely I am obliged to thee!—but hush!

Enter HELEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor; I am myself, Sir, a brother of the faculty, what the world calls a mad-doctor. I have at present under my care, a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired, and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possess'd with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your house,—

Hel. Most willingly, Sir.

Greg. The first thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, Sir, you are to shave off all her hair, all her hair, Sir; after which, you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take a particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*To his Wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging.——Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir; nothing in my power shall be wanting; you have only to enquire for Dr Helebore.

Dor. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband.

Hel. Husband! this is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with* DORCAS.

Enter LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear.—So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I am a physician, and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words.——

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? come along, come along.——Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Sir* JASPER'S *House.*

SIR JASPER, CHARLOT, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Sir Jas. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Jam. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of a noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jas. [*Looking on his Watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return. Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

Sir Jas. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better, 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir Jas. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, Sir.—Mr Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply the remedy I prescribed.

Sir Jas. A song, doctor? prescribe a song!

Greg. Prescribe a song, Sir! yes, Sir, prescribe a

song, Sir. Is there any thing so strange in that? did you never hear of pills to purge melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? sbud! Sir, this song would make a stone speak. But, if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR VII.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient, Charlotte sees
Her dying patient kneel;
Soon cured will be your feign'd disease,
But what physician e'er can ease
The torments which I feel.

Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure;
All other remedies are vain:
The lovely cause of all my pain
Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, Sir, a great and subtile question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes, and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible.—One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon, and as the sun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds—

Char. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir Jas. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks!

Oh, the great power of physic! oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble.

[*Traversing the Stage in a great heat, the Apothecary following.*

Char. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander.

[*Speaks with great eagerness, and drives* SIR JASPER *round the Stage.*

Sir Jas. But—

Char. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir Jas. What!

Char. Your rhetoric is in vain; all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir Jas. I—

Char. I am determin'd, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclination.

Sir Jas. I have—

Char. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir Jas. You shall have Mr Dapper—

Char. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him, I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad; you may make me miserable any other way; but with him you shan't, that I'm resolved.

Greg. There, Sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir Jas. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue.—Dear doctor, I desire you will make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jas. And do you think—

Char. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir Jas. You shall marry Mr Dapper, this evening.

Char. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, Sir, stay, let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jas. Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixt with two drachms of pills matrimoniac and three large handfuls of the *Arbor Vitæ;* perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able Apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success: go, make her walk in the garden, be sure lose no time; to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specific.

[*Exeunt* LEANDER *and* CHARLOTTE.

Sir Jas. What drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jas. Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too head-strong.

Sir Jas. You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

Greg. The heat of blood, Sir, causes that in young minds.

Sir Jas. For my part, the moment I discovered the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Sir Jas. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together; for who knows what might have been the consequence? who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him?

Greg. Very true.

Sir Jas. Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shewn the world, that I understand a little of women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art required; if this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No certainly, Sir.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir Jas. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dor. Oh sirrah! sirrah! would you have destroyed your wife, you villain? would you have been guilty of murder, dog!

Greg. Hoity, toity! What mad woman is this?

Sir Jas. Poor wretch! for pity's sake, cure her, doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dor. I'll see you, you villain. Cure me!

AIR VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician;
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

Enter JAMES.

Jam. Oh, sir! undone, undone! your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary---and this is the rogue of a physician, who has contrived all the affair.

Sir Jas. How! am I abused in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

Jam. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dor. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dor. Had you finished the faggots, it had been some consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dor. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death; nor will I budge an inch, till I've seen you hanged.

Enter LEANDER *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lean. Behold, sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands. I have received letters, by which I have learnt the death of an

uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir Jas. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dearest Charlotte. And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dor. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Sir Jas. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not, or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a physician or no. And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness; for a faggot-maker can only thrash your jacket, but a physician, he---

Dor. Can pick your pocket. Why, thou puffed up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR IX.—*We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;
Powders, drops,
Juleps, slops,
A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night;
Never vary,
Nor miscarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.

THE DEVIL TO PAY;

OR,

THE WIVES METAMORPHOSED.

AN

OPERA,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN LOVERULE, an honest Country Gentleman, beloved for his Hospitality,		*Mr Dignum.*
Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman,	Servants to Sir JOHN.	
JOBSON, a Psalm-singing Cobler, Tenant to Sir JOHN,		*Mr Bannister.*
Doctor.		
Lady LOVERULE, Wife to Sir JOHN, a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical Shrew,		*Mrs Harlow.*
LUCY, LETTICE,	Her Maids,	
NELL, JOBSON's Wife, an innocent Country Girl.		*Mrs Jordan.*

Tenants, Servants.

SCENE.—*A Country Village.*

THE DEVIL TO PAY;

OR,

THE WIVES METAMORPHOSED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Cobler's House.*

JOBSON *and* NELL.

Nell. Pr'ythee, good Jobson, stay with me to-night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you jade, and go spin; for if I lack any thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign authority.

Nell. Ay, marry, no doubt of that; whilst you take your swing at the alehouse, spend your substance, get as drunk as a beast, then come home like a sot, and use one like a dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, brazen face, do you speak ill of the government? don't you know, hussy, that I am king in my own house, and that this is treason against my majesty?

Nell. Did ever one hear such stuff? But I pray you now, Jobson, don't go to the alehouse to-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow saucy upon't; for I'm invited by Sir John Loverule's butler, and am to be princely drunk with punch at the hall place; we shall have a bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, husband, the new lady will not suffer a stranger to enter her doors; she grudges even a draught of small-beer to her own servants; and several of the tenants have come home with broken heads from her ladyship's own hands, only for smelling strong-beer in the house.

Job. A pox on her for a fanatical jade! She has almost distracted the good knight: but she's now abroad, feasting with her relations, and will scarce come home to-night; and we are to have much drink, a fiddle, and merry gambols.

Nell. O, dear husband, let me go with you! we'll be as merry as the night's long.

Job. Why how now, you bold baggage! would you be carried to a company of smooth-faced, eating, drinking, lazy serving-men? no, no, you jade, I'll not be a cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they would make me welcome; you promised I should see the house, and the family has not been here before, since you married and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy lord and master? Get in and spin, or else my strap shall wind about thy ribs most confoundedly.

AIR I.—*The Twitcher.*

He that has the best wife,
  She's the plague of his life;
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,
  Let him cut her off short
  Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel.

Nell. Well, we poor women must always be slaves, and never have any joy; but you men run and ramble at your pleasure.

Job. Why, you most pestilent baggage, will you be hoop'd? Be gone.

Nell. I must obey. [*Going.*

Job. Stay! now I think on't, here's six-pence for you; get ale and apples, stretch and puff thyself up with lambs' wool, rejoice and revel by thyself, be drunk and wallow in thy own sty, like a grumbling sow as thou art.

He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life, *&c.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Sir* John's.

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.

But. I would the blind fiddler and our dancing neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little, while our termagant lady is abroad; I have made a most sovereign bowl of punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

But. I will maintain, there is more mirth in a galley, than in our family; our master, indeed, is the worthiest gentleman—nothing but sweetness and liberality.

Foot. But here's a house turn'd topsy-turvy, from heaven to hell, since she came hither.

Lucy. His former lady was all virtue and mildness.

But. Aye, rest her soul, she was so; but this is inspired with a legion of devils, who make her lay about her like a fury.

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my bones: if her complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow

in a morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before night.

Cook. Pox on her! I dare not come within her reach. I have some six broken heads already. A lady, quotha! a she-bear is a civiller animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor master! this devilish termagant scolding woman will be the death of him; I never saw a man so alter'd in all the days of my life.

Cook. There's a perpetual motion in that tongue of her's, and a damn'd shrill pipe, enough to break the drum of a man's ear.

Enter Blind Fiddler, JOBSON, *and Neighbours.*

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is our wish. Honest old acquaintance, Goodman Jobson, how dost thou?

Job. By my troth, I am always sharp set towards punch, and am now come with a firm resolution, though but a poor cobler, to be as richly drunk as a lord; I am a true English heart, and look upon drunkenness as the best part of the liberty of the subject.

But. Come, Jobson, we'll bring out our bowl of punch in solemn procession; and then for a song to crown our happiness.

[*They all go out, and return with a Bowl of Punch.*

AIR II.—*Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian of our pleasure;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure.

And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

But. The king and the royal family, in a brimmer.

AIR III.

Here's a good health to the king,
And send him a prosperous reign;
O'er hills and high mountains,
We'll drink dry the fountains,
Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
Until the sun rises again.

Then here's to thee, my boy boon,
And here's to thee, my boy boon;
As we've tarry'd all day,
For to drink down the sun,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave boys,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon.

[*Omnes, huzza.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Lady.*

Lady. O heaven and earth! What's here within my doors? Is hell broke loose? What troop of friends are here? Sirrah, you impudent rascal, speak!

Sir John. For shame, my dear! as this is a time of mirth and jollity, it has always been the custom of my house, to give my servants liberty in this season, and to treat my country neighbours, that with innocent sports they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say, meddle with your own affairs; I will govern my own house without your putting in an oar. Shall I ask you leave to correct my own servants?

Sir John. I thought, madam, this had been my house, and these my tenants and servants.

Lady. Did I bring a fortune to be thus abused and snubb'd before people? Do you call my authority in question, ungrateful man? Look you to your dogs and horses abroad, but it will be my province to govern

here; nor will I be controul'd by e'er a hunting, hawking knight in Christendom.

AIR IV.

Sir John. Ye gods, who gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her;
But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your wills at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

This it is to be married to a continual tempest; strife and noise, canting and hypocrisy, are eternally afloat—'tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy scoundrels, and odious jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my provisions; I shall be devour'd at this rate.

But. I thought, madam, we might be merry once upon a holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you popish cur! is one day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you rogue. [*Beats him.*] You minx, you impudent flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable fiddle? all dancing is whorish, hussy.

[*Lugs her by the ears.*

Lucy. O lud! she has pull'd off both my ears.

Sir John. Pray, madam, consider your sex and quality: I blush for your behaviour.

Lady. Consider your incapacity; you shall not instruct me. Who are you, thus muffled, you buzzard?

[*She beats 'em all,* JOBSON *steals by.*

Job. I am an honest, plain, psalm-singing cobler, madam; if your ladyship would but go to church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy voice here first, villain.

[*Strikes him.*

Job. Nounz! what a pox, what a devil ails you?

Lady. O profane wretch! wicked varlet!

Sir John. For shame! your behaviour is monstrous!

Lady. Was ever poor lady so miserable in a brutish husband as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a woman!

Job. [Sings.] He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel, &c. [*Exit.*

Lady. O rogue, scoundrel, villain!

Sir John. Remember modesty.

Lady. I'll rout you all with a vengeance—I'll spoil your squeaking treble.

[*Beats the Fiddle about the Blind Man's head.*

Fid. O murder, murder! I am a dark man; which way shall I get hence?—Oh, heaven! she has broke my fiddle, and undone me, and my wife and children.

Sir John. Here, poor fellow, take your staff and be gone: there's money to buy you two such; that's your way. [*Exit Fiddler.*

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my estate maintain you in your profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your closet, pray, and compose your mind.

Lady. O wicked man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A man can't be completely curst, I see, without marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate maintenance, she shall to-morrow enjoy the benefit of it.

AIR V.—*Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.*

Of the states in life so various,
Marriage, sure, is most precarious;
'Tis a maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new mazes finding:
'Tis an action so severe,
That nought but death can set us clear:

Happy's the man from wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his liberty.
Were men wary,
How they marry,
We should not be by half so full of misery.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Here, where are my servants? must they be frighted from me?—Within there—see who knocks.

Lady. Within there—where are my sluts? Ye drabs, ye queans—lights there.

Enter Servants, sneaking, with Candles.

But. Sir, it is a doctor that lives ten miles off; he practises physic, and is an astrologer: your worship knows him very well; he is a cunning man, makes almanacks, and can help people to their goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir, I humbly beg your honour's pardon for this unseasonable intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark, that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your worship's hospitality, desire the favour to be harbour'd under your roof to-night.

Lady. Out of my house, you lewd conjurer, you magician!

Doct. Here's a turn; here's a change!—Well, if I have any art, you shall smart for this. [*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, friend, I am not master of my own house; therefore, to avoid any uneasiness, go down the lane about a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a cobler's cottage; stay there a little, and I'll send my servant to conduct you to a tenant's house, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir; I'm your most humble servant. But as for your lady there, she shall this night feel my resentment. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Come, madam, you and I must have some conference together.

Lady. Yes; I will have a conference and a reformation too in this house, or I'll turn it upside down—I will.

AIR VI.—*Contented Country Farmer.*

Sir John. Grant me, ye powers, but this request,
And let who will the world contest;
Convey her to some distant shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more;
Or let me to some cottage fly,
In freedom's arms to live and die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Cobler's.*

NELL *and the Doctor.*

Nell. Pray, sir, mend your draught, if you please; you are very welcome, sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good woman; and to requite your civility, I'll tell you your fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, sir; I never had my fortune told me in my life.

Doct. Let me behold the lines of your face.

Nell. I'm afraid, sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty work all this day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good face; be not ashamed of it, you shall shew it in greater places suddenly.

Nell. O dear, sir, I shall be mightily ashamed; I want dacity when I come before great folks.

Doct. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare man; heaven be thank'd!

Doct. To-morrow, before the sun rise, you shall be the happiest woman in this country.

Nell. How, by to-morrow! alack a-day! Sir, how can that be?

Doct. No more shall you be troubled with a surly husband, that rails at and straps you.

Nell. Lud! how came he to know that? he must be a conjurer! Indeed my husband is somewhat rugged, and in his cups will beat me, but it is not much; he is an honest, pains-taking man, and I let him have his way. Pray, sir, take t'other cup of ale.

Doct. I thank you: believe me, to-morrow you shall be the richest woman i' the hundred, and ride in your own coach.

Nell. O father! you jeer me!

Doct. By my art, I do not! But mark my words, be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, sir, I warrant you.—O Gemini! a coach!

AIR VII.—*Send home my long-stray'd Eyes.*

My swelling heart now leaps for joy,
And riches all my thoughts employ;
No more shall people call me Nell,
Her ladyship will do as well:
Deck'd in my golden rich array,
I'll in my chariot roll away,
And shine at ring, at ball, at play.

Enter JOBSON.

Job. Where is this quean? Here, Nell! What a pox, are you drunk with your lamb's wool?

Nell. O, husband, here's the rarest man! he has told me my fortune.

Job. Has he so? and planted my fortune too, a lusty pair of horns upon my head—Eh! Is't not so?

Doct. Thy wife is a virtuous woman, and thou'lt be happy——

Job. Come out, you hang-dog, you juggler, you cheating, bamboozling villain! must I be cuckolded by such rogues as you are, mackmaticians, and almanack makers?

Nell. Pr'ythee peace, husband, we shall be rich, and have a coach of our own.

Job. A coach! a cart, a wheel-barrow, you jade. —By the mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk!—Get you to bed, you strumpet. [*Beats her.*

Nell. O mercy on us! is this a taste of my good fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly rogue.

Job. Out of my house, you villain, or I'll run my awl up to the handle in your buttocks.

Doct. Farewell, you paltry slave.

Job. Get out, you rogue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Changes to an open Country.*

Doctor, solus.

AIR VIII.—*The Spirit's Song in Macbeth.*

My little spirits now appear,
Nadir and Abisbog draw near.
The time is short, make no delay,
Then quickly haste and come away;
Nor moon, nor stars afford their light,
But all is wrapt in gloomy night:
Both men and beast to rest incline,
And all things favour my design.

Spirits. [Within] Say, master, what is to be done?

Doct. My strict commands be sure attend,
For ere this night shall have an end,
You must this cobler's wife transform,
And to the knight's the like perform:
With all your most specific charms,
Convey each wife to different arms;
Let the delusion be so strong,
That none may know the right from wrong.

Within. { All this we will with care perform,
{ In thunder, lightning, and a storm. [*Thunder.*

SCENE V.—*Changes to the Cobler's House.* JOBSON *at work. The Bed in view.*

Job. What devil has been abroad to-night? I never heard such claps of thunder in my life. I thought my little hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine star-light morning it is. I'll settle myself to work. They say winter's thunder is summer's wonder.

AIR IX.—*Charming Sally.*

Of all the trades from east to west,
The cobler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praise who can amend
The soals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours.

Lady. Heyday! what impudent ballad-singing rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my sleep? I'll have you flead, you rascal.

Job. What a pox, does she talk in her sleep? or is she drunk still? [*Sings.*

AIR X.—*Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.*

In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he did write,
Who wantonly did spend her time
In many a fond delight.
All on a time so sick she was,
And she at length did die;
And then her soul at Paradise
Did knock most mightily.

Lady. Why, villain, rascal, screech-ow[l], who makest a worse noise than a dog hung in th[e] pales, or a hog in a high wind. Where are all my ser[vants?] Somebody come and hamstring this rogue. [*K[nocks.*

Job. Why, how now, you brazen quean? You must get drunk with the conjurer, must you? I'll give you money another time to spend in lamb's wool, you saucy jade, shall I?

Lady. Monstrous! I can find no bell to ring. Where are my servants? They shall toss him in a blanket.

Job. Ay, the jade's asleep still: the conjurer told her she should keep her coach, and she is dreaming of her equipage. [*Sings.*

II.

I will come in, in spite, she said,
  Of all such churls as thee;
Thou art the cause of all our pain,
  Our grief, and misery.
Thou first broke the commandement,
  In honour of thy wife:
When Adam heard her say these words,
  He ran away for life.

Lady. Why, husband, Sir John! will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir John! what a pox, has she knighted me? and my name's Zekel too! a good jest, faith.

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the bed. Heav'n! where am I? Foh! what loathsome smells are here? Canvas sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain! a beastly rug, and a flock bed. Am I awake, or is it all a dream? What rogue is that? Sirrah, where am I? Who brought me hither? What rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing—I never heard such words from her before! If I take my strap to you, I'll make you know your husband, I'll teach you better manners, you saucy drab.

Lady. Oh, a[illegible]nishing impudence! You my husband, sirrah! [illegible] have you hang'd, you rogue; I'm a lady. Let [illegible] know who has given me a sleeping draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty valet?

Job. A sleeping draught! yes, you drunken jade, you had a sleeping draught, with a pox to ye. What, has not your lamb's wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villainous husband put me? Lucy! Lettice! Where are my queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What, does she call her maids too? The conjurer has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of conjurers; sure I am bewitched! Ha! what clothes are here? a lindsey-woolsey gown, a calico hood, a red bays petticoat; I am removed from my own house by witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me? [*Horns wind without*

Job. Hark! the hunters and the merry horns are abroad. Why, Nell, you lazy jade, 'tis break of day; to work, to work! come and spin, you drab, or I'll tan your hide for you: What a pox, must I be at work two hours before you in the morning?

Lady. Why, sirrah, thou impudent villain, dost thou not know me, you rogue?

Job. Know you? yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir John Loverule's lady, how came I here?

Job. Sir John Loverule's lady! No, Nell; not quite so bad neither; that damn'd stingy, fanatic whore plagues every one that comes near her: the whole country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then, I'll hold no longer—you rogue, you insolent villain, I'll teach you better manners.

[*Flings the bedstaff and other things at him.*

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her, I never had an ill word from her before. Come, strap, I'll try your mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, quean.

[*He straps her—she flies at him.*

Lady. I'll pull your throat out, I'll tear out your eyes, I am a lady, sirrah. O murder! murder! Sir

John Loverule will hang you for this! Murder! murder!

Job. Come, hussy, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you never were so lamb'd since you were an inch long. Take it up, you jade.

[*She flings it down—he straps her.*

Lady. Hold! hold! I'll do any thing.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady. What shall I do? I can't spin. [*Aside.*

Job. I'll into my stall; 'tis broad day now.

[*Works and sings.*

AIR XI.—*Come, let us prepare.*

Let matters of state
Disquiet the great,
The cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's out of the power
Of Fortune, that whore,
Since low as can be she has thrust him;
From duns he's secure,
For, being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

Heyday, I think the jade's brain is turn'd. What, have you forgot to spin, hussy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my feet. I shall find somebody in the town, sure, that will succour me. [*She runs out.*

Job. What, does she run for it? I'll after her.

[*He runs out.*

SCENE V.—*Changes to Sir* JOHN'S *House.*

NELL *in Bed.*

Nell. What pleasant dreams I have had to-night! Methought I was in paradise, upon a bed of violets and roses, and the sweetest husband by my side—Ha! bless me, where am I now? What sweets are these? No garden in the spring can equal them. Am I on a bed? The sheets are sarsenet, sure; no linen ever was so fine. What a gay silken robe have I got—O heaven! I dream. Yet, if this be a dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died last night, and went to heaven, and this is it.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Now must I awake an alarum that will not lie still again till midnight at soonest. The first greeting, I suppose, will be jade, or whore.—Madam; madam.

Nell. O Gemini! who's this? What dost say, sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! O Lud, sweetheart! The best names I have had these three months from her have been slut, or whore.—What gown and ruffles will your ladyship wear to-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! gown! and ruffles! Sure I am awake!—Oh! I remember the cunning man now.

Lucy. Did your ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, child. I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! child! Here's a miracle.

Enter LETTICE.

Let. Is my lady awake? Have you had her shoe or her slipper at your head yet?

Lucy. Oh no, I'm overjoyed; she's in the kindest humour! Go to the bed and speak to her. Now is your time.

Let. Now's my time! what, to have another tooth beat out?—Madam.

Nell. What dost say, my dear? O father! what would she have?

Let. What work will your ladyship please to have done to-day? Shall I work plain-work, or go to my stitching?

Nell. Work, child! 'tis holiday; no work to-day.

Let. Oh mercy! am I or thee awake, or do we both dream? Here's a blest change.

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy family.

Let. Your ladyship's chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some garment I suppose. [*Aside.*] Put it on then, sweetheart.

Let. Put it on?—Madam, I have taken it off; 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by; I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now I go like a bear to the stake, to know her scurvy ladyship's commands about dinner. How many rascally names must I be called?

Let. Oh John Cook! you'll be out of your wits to find my lady in so sweet a temper.

Cook. What a devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the cook come about dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine cook. He looks like one of your gentlefolks. [*Aside.*] Indeed, honest man,

I'm very hungry now; pray get me a rasher upon the coals, a piece of one milk cheese, and some white bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my head turns round. Honest man! I looked for rogue and rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her diet, as well as her humour. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid, madam, cheese and bacon will sit very heavy on your ladyship's stomach, in a morning. If you please, madam, I'll toss you up a white fricasee of chickens in a trice, madam; or what does your ladyship think of a veal sweetbread?

Nell. Even what you will, good cook.

Cook. Good cook! good cook! Ah! 'tis a sweet lady.

Enter Butler.

Oh! kiss me, chip; I'm out of my wits. We have the kindest, sweetest lady—

But. You shamming rogue, I think you are out of your wits, all of ye; the maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the butler, madam, to know your ladyship's orders.

Nell. Oh! Pray, Mr Butler, let me have some small beer, when my breakfast comes in.

But. Mr Butler! Mr Butler! I shall be turned into stone with amazement. [*Aside.*] Would not your ladyship rather have a glass of frontiniac or lacryme?

Nell. O dear! what hard names are there! but I must not betray myself. [*Aside.*] Well, which you please, Mr Butler.

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced, as I am.

Coach. The cook has been making his game, I know not how long. What! do you banter too?

Lucy. Madam, the coachman.

Coach. I come to know, if your ladyship goes out to-day; and which you'll have, the coach, or chariot?

Nell. Good lack-a-day! I'll ride in the coach, if you please.

Coach. The sky will fall! that's certain. [*Exit.*

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me! Oh notable cunning man!—My head turns round!—I am quite giddy with my own happiness.

AIR XII.—*What though I am a country lass.*

Though late I was a cobler's wife,
In cottage most obscure-a,
In plain stuff-gown and short eared coif
Hard labour did endure-a;

The scene is changed, I am altered quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read and write,
And from all bear the bell-a.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *meeting his Servants.*

But. Oh, sir! here's the rarest news!

Lucy. There never was the like, sir! You'll be overjoyed and amazed!

Sir John. What! are ye mad?—What's the matter with ye?—How now! here's a new face in my family!—What's the meaning of all this?

But. Oh sir, the family's turned upside down! We are almost distracted!—The happiest people—

Lucy. Ay, my lady, sir, my lady—

Sir John. What! is she dead?

But. Dead! heaven forbid. Oh she's the best woman; the sweetest lady!

Sir John. This is astonishing! I must go and en-

quire into this wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed. [*Exit.*

But. 'Tis true, sir, upon my honour. Long live Sir John and my lady! Huzzah!

Enter NELL.

Nell. I well remember, the cunning man warned me to bear all out with confidence, or worse, he said, would follow. I am ashamed, and know not what to do with all this ceremony!—I am amazed, and out of my senses!—I looked in the glass, and saw a gay fine thing, I knew not!—Methought my face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of looking-glass fastened upon the cupboard. But great ladies, they say, have flattering glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor folks' glasses represent them even just as they are.

AIR XIII.—*When I was a dame of honour.*

Fine ladies with an artful grace
  Disguise each native feature,
Whilst flattering glasses shew the face,
  As made by art, not nature;
But we poor folks in home-spun grey,
  By patch nor washes tainted,
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
  That still are finely painted.

Lucy. Oh, madam! here's my master just returned from hunting.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Nell. O Gemini! this fine gentleman my husband?

Sir John. My dear, I am overjoyed to see my family thus transported with extasy, which you occasioned.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every

thing that may give you delight, or your family satisfaction.

Sir John. By heaven, I'm charmed! Dear creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies. But can this be real? May I believe my senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest. [*Kneels.*

Sir John. Rise, my dearest. Now am I happy indeed. Where are my friends, my servants? Call 'em all, and let them be witnesses of my happiness. [*Exit.*

Nell. O rare, sweet man! He smells all over like a nosegay. Heaven preserve my wits.

AIR XIV.—*'Twas within a furlong, &c.*

O charming cunning man! thou hast been wondrous kind,
And all thy golden words do now prove true, I find;
Ten thousand transports wait
To crown my happy state;
Thus kissed and pressed,
And doubly blessed
In all this pomp and state;
New scenes of joy arise,
Which fill me with surprise;
My rock, and reel,
And spinning wheel,
And husband, I despise.
Then, Jobson, now adieu,
Thy cobling still pursue;
For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not, buckle too.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Jobson's *House.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Was ever lady yet so miserable? I can't make one soul in the village acknowledge me. They sure are all of the conspiracy. This wicked husband

of mine has laid a devilish plot against me. I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an opportunity of executing my design. Here comes the rogue. I'll have him strangled; but now I must yield.

Enter JOBSON.

Job. Come on, Nell, art thou come to thyself yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you. I wonder what I ailed. This cunning man has put powder in my drink most certainly.

Job. Powder! the brewer put good store of powder of malt in it, that's all. Powder! quoth she; ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so in all the days of my life.

Job. Was so! No, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right hand cut off for that, rogue. [*Aside.*] You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I am going to Sir John Loverule's; all his tenants are invited. There's to be rare feasting and revelling, and open house kept for three months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the devil ails thee now! Did I not tell thee but yesterday, I would strap thee for desiring to go; and art thou at it again, with a pox?

Lady. What does the villain mean by strapping, and yesterday? [*Aside.*

Job. Why, I have been married but six weeks, and you long to make me a cuckold already. Stay at home, and be hanged; there's good cold pie in the cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong beer, hussy. [*Exit.*

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you. Sure I shall

get some of my own family to know me; they can't be all in this wicked plot. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Sir* John's.

Sir John *and Company enter.*

AIR XV.—*Duetto.*

Sir John. Was ever man possest of
So sweet, so kind a wife!
Nell. Dear sir, you make me proud.
Be you but kind,
And you shall find
All the good I can boast of
Shall end but with my life.
Sir John. Give me thy lips.
Nell. First let me, dear sir, wipe 'em.
Sir John. Was ever so sweet a wife! [*Kissing her.*
Nell. Thank you, dear sir!
I vow and protest,
I ne'er was so kist,
Again, sir!
Sir John. Again, and again, my dearest,
O may it last for life!
What joy thus to enfold thee!
Nell. What pleasure to behold thee
Inclined again to kiss!
Sir John. How ravishing the bliss!
Nell. I little thought this morning,
'Twould ever come to this.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine rout and rioting! You, sirrah, butler, you rogue.

But. Why, how now! Who are you?

Lady. Impudent varlet! Don't you know your lady?

But. Lady! Here, turn this mad woman out of doors.

Lady. You rascal!—Take that, sirrah.
[*Flings a Glass at him.*

Foot. Have a care, hussy; there's a good pump without, we shall cool your courage for you.

Lady. You, Lucy! have you forgot me too, you minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, woman! Why, I never remembered you. I never saw you before in my life.

Lady. Oh the wicked slut! I'll give you cause to remember me, I will, hussy.

[*Pulls her Head-clothes off.*

Lucy. Murder! murder! help!

Sir John. How now! What uproar's this?

Lady. You Lettice, you slut! won't you know me neither? [*Strikes her.*

Let. Help! help!

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, sir, here's a mad woman calls herself my lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John. [*To Lady.*] Thou my wife! poor creature, I pity thee. I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect redress from thee, thou wicked contriver of all my misery.

Nell. How am I amazed! Can that be I there in my clothes, that have made all this disturbance? And yet I am here, to my thinking, in these fine clothes. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted, that I begin to wish I was with Zekel Jobson again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly?—Heaven! what do I see! Is not that I yonder, in my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be in two places at once.

Sir John. Poor wretch! She's stark mad.

Lady. What! in the devil's name, was I here before I came? Let me look in the glass—Oh heavens! I am astonished; I don't know myself. If this be I that the glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent madness is this!

Enter JOBSON.

Lady. There; that's the devil in my likeness, who has robbed me of my countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, hussy, and here's my strap, you quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my husband will beat me, that am on t'other side of the room there.

Job. I hope your honours will pardon her; she was drinking with a conjurer last night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady Loverule.

Sir John. Poor woman, take care of her. Do not hurt her; she may be cured of this.

Job. Yes, and please your worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray, Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my love? Does she infect thee with madness too?

Nell. I am not well. Pray lead me in.

[*Exeunt* NELL *and Maids.*

Job. I beseech your worship, don't take it ill of me; she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me?

[*Exeunt* JOBSON *and Lady.*

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the doctor, who called here last night, desires you will give him leave to speak a word or two with you, upon very earnest business.

Sir John. What can this mean? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo! on my knees, sir, I beg forgiveness for what I have done, and put my life into your hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct. I have exercised my magic art upon your

lady. I know you have too much honour to take away my life; since I might still have concealed it, had I pleased.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a glimpse of misery too great to bear. Is all my happiness then turned into vision only?

Doct. Sir, I beg you, fear not; if any harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done?

Doct. I have transformed your lady's face, so that she seems the cobler's wife, and have charmed her face into the likeness of my lady's; and last night, when the storm arose, my spirits conveyed them to each other's bed.

Sir John. Oh wretch! thou hast undone me; I am fallen from the height of all my hopes, and must still be curst with a tempestuous wife, a fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the charm for both their lives.

Sir John. Let the event be what it will, I'll hang you, if you do not end the charm this instant.

Doct. I will this minute, sir, and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your life; I can assure you your lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold; there's one material circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the cobler has——You understand me.

Doct. I do assure you, no; for ere she was conveyed to his bed, the cobler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the fruits of his labour. He'll be with you in a minute. Here he comes.

Enter JOBSON.

Sir John. So, Jobson. Where's your wife?

Job. And please your worship, she's here at the door. But indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for as she came into the hall, she fell into such a swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a tweak or two by the nose, and half a dozen straps, did the business at last. Here, where are you, housewife?

Enter Lady.

[*Butler holds up the Candle; but lets it fall, when he sees her.*

But. O heaven and earth! Is this my lady?

Job. What does he say? my wife changed to my lady!

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our lady.

Lady. [*To Sir* JOHN.] Sir, you are the person I have most offended, and here confess, I have been the worst of wives in every thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your bosom, the remainder of my days shall joyfully be spent in duty and observance of your will.

Sir John. Rise, madam, I do forgive you; and, if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the enjoyments in the world without you could do.

Job. What a pox! am I to lose my wife thus?

Enter LUCY *and* LETTICE.

Lucy. Oh sir! the strangest accident has happened—it has amazed us—my lady was in so great a swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she proved another woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a bull, a bull.

Lucy. She is so changed, I knew her not. I never saw her face before.—O lud! is this my lady?

Let. We shall be mauled again.

Lucy. I thought our happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my servants, it shall hereafter be my endeavour to make you happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this resolution, and we shall be blest indeed for life.

Enter NELL.

Nell. My head turns round, I must go home. O Zekel! are you there?

Job. O lud! is that fine lady my wife? I'gad, I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this?

Sir John. This is a happy change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the joy I proclaimed for my late short-lived vision.

Lady. To me, 'tis the happiest day I ever knew.

Sir John. Here, Jobson, take thy fine wife.

Job. But one word, sir. Did not your worship make a buck of me, under the rose?

Sir John. No, upon my honour, nor ever kist her lips, till I came from hunting; but since she has been a means of bringing about this happy change, I'll give thee five hundred pounds home with her; go buy a stock of leather.

Job. Brave boys! I'm a prince—The prince of coblers! Come hither and kiss me, Nell; I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, Zekel, I have been in such a dream, that I'm quite weary of it. [*To* JOBSON.] Forsooth,

madam, will you please to take your clothes, and let me have mine again. [*To Lady* LOVERULE.

Job. Hold your tongue, you fool, they'll serve you to go to church. [*Aside.*

Lady. No; thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as relics.

Job. And can your ladyship forgive my strapping your honour so very much?

Lady. Most freely. The joy of this blessed change sets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing now but joy and pleasure.

AIR XVI.—*Hey, Boys, up go we.*

Lady. Let every face with smiles appear,
Be joy in every breast,
Since from a life of pain and care
We now are truly blest.

Sir John. May no remembrance of past time
Our present pleasures soil,
Be nought but mirth and joy a crime,
And sporting all our toil.

Job. I hope you'll give me leave to speak,
If I may be so bold;
There's nought but the devil, and this go
Could ever tame a scold.

THE

IRISH WIDOW;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AN[D]
COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

WHITTLE,	*Mr Parsons.*
KECKSEY,	*Mr Dodd.*
THOMAS,	*Mr Burton.*
BATES,	*Mr Baddeley.*
Sir PATRICK O'NEAL,	*Mr Moody.*
Nephew,	*Mr Caulfield.*
Widow BRADY,	*Mrs Wells.*

COVENT-GARDEN.

WHITTLE,	*Mr Wewitzer.*
KECKSEY,	*Mr Bernard.*
THOMAS,	*Mr Quick.*
BATES,	*Mr Powell.*
Sir PATRICK O'NEAL,	*Mr Johnstone.*
Nephew,	*Mr Macready.*
Widow BRADY,	*Mrs Wells.*

THE IRISH WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Whittle's House.*

Enter BATES *and Servant.*

Bates. Is he gone out? his card tells me to come directly—I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down, he will return immediately—he had some business with his lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the message I have delivered. Here is my young master.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Nephew.

Bates. What, lively Billy!—Hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy William, I think—Here's a fine revolution—I hear your uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have changed characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Neph. And for the same reason—this journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes, explain the matter.

Neph. In the first place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know—I hope your uncle is not undone too; that would be the devil!

Neph. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with—

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Neph. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil indeed!

Neph. O, Mr Bates! when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent to give me the independence he so often has promised me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wish'd me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her: he now hates the sight of me, and is resolved, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his consent, which his brother's foolish will requires, and he would marry himself the same woman, because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it!

Neph. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it shan't be, and it must not be—this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be hang'd in chains to be laugh'd at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Neph. I am distracted, the widow is distress'd, and we both shall run mad.

Bates. A widow too! 'gad a mercy, threescore and five!

Neph. But such a widow! She is now in town with

her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming—I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy?

Neph. Brady.

Bates. Brady! Is not she daughter to Sir Patrick O'Neale?

Neph. The same. She was sacrificed to the most senseless drunken profligate in the whole country: He lived to run out his fortune; and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that and his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, put upon the easiest footing;—there is neither love or hate in the matter; necessity brings them together; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures—O rare matrimony!—Where does she lodge?

Neph. In Pall-Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Neph. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it—pray let us have your friendly assistance—ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone, with your love and reason, they seldom pull together now-a-days.—I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's—What says your uncle's privy counsellor, Mr Thomas, to this?

Neph. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service—he is honest, sensible, ignorant, and particular, a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me. [*Exit Nephew.*

Enter THOMAS.

Mr Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word, you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myself—my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belong to him.

Bates. Why surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fallen in love?

Tho. Ten times worse than that!

Bates. The devil!

Tho. And his horns,—going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tho. You never saw such an altered man in your born days! he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet surtout, which he wore all the summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open-breasted, and he dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story—Would you think it?—he wants me to wear a pig-tail?

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed!

Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr Bates, a pig-tail!—we have had sad work about it—I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bates. This is to be in love, Thomas!

Tho. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag,

but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine—and so I told him—

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I, and my father, and his father before me, had wore their own hair as heaven had sent it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail—he! he! he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old blockhead, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had breath in my body I was for liberty, and a strait head of hair!

Bates. Well said, Thomas—he could not answer that.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head, and put her into your young master's hands.

Tho. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr Bates!—Let me see—on the debtor side sixty-five—and per contra creditor, a buxom widow of twenty-three—He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight—he! he! he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr Thomas—what have you got in your hand?

Tho. A pamphlet, my old gentleman takes in—he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do; and since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but the Amorous Repository, Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Hymen's

Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bates. Here he comes, with all his folly about him.

Tho. Yes, and the first fool from Vanity-fair—Heaven help us—love turns man and woman topsy turvy. [*Exit* THOMAS.

Whittle [*without.*] Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither—no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicksome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a cast—you know, when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. [*Touches his Sword.*]

Bates. A hero too! What, in the name of common sense, is come to you, my friend?—high spirits, quick honour, a long sword, and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha! ha! ha!

Whit. Mr Bates—the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous young dog you——I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant Taylor's School?

Bates. At Lincoln's-Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always lick'd me at school—though I believe I could do as much for you now, and 'ecod I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are—let me see—we were together at Cambridge, Anno domini twenty-five, which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprizing, by this calculation you went to school before you was born—you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour; and so, Mr Bates, when you are in temper to show less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half kill'd yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and gallochies, I am at your service again. So bon jour to you, Monsieur Fifty-four—ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peevish—he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness—I am in love with the widow, and must have her: Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my

friends stare! let 'em call me imprudent, and mad, if they please—I live in good times, and among people of fashion; so none of my neighbours, thank Heaven, can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter Old KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy! joy! to you, old boy—you are going, a going! a going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend! I was coming to advise with you—I am got into the pond again—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith; and there's no love lost between us.—Am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh!—I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the garden places; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of hers, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and so good-natur'd—It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold! ay to be sure; none but the brave deserves the fair—Hugh! hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me; I was always fond of the majestic: give me a slice of a good English surloin! cut and come again; hugh! hugh! hugh! that's my taste.

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach—And

so you would advise me to marry the widow directly?

Keck. To be sure—you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says,

'Tis folly to lose time,
When man is in his prime:

Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead—I am glad you came—Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the Park; and I will carry you to the widow in Pall-mall.

Keck. With all my heart—I'll raise her spirits and your's too. Courage, Tom—come along, who's afraid?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Widow's Lodgings.*

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, *and* BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to cast off your real character, and assume a feign'd one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Neph. Only consider, my sweet widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake?

Neph. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude—

Wid. Don't make fine speeches! You men are strange creatures; you turn our heads to your purposes, and then despise us for the folly you teach us; 'tis hard to assume a character contrary to my disposition: I cannot get rid of my unfashionable prejudices till

I have been married in England some time, and lived among my betters.

Neph. Thou charming adorable woman! what shall we do then? I never wish'd for a fortune till this moment.

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then—

Neph. What then, my sweet widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can—What a pity it is, that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness, or that for want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Neph. Heaven forbid! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks, let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reason, Mr Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder—You have no time to lose; for want of jointure, you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promis'd you to the old man: Now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, from which all her wit cannot release her.

Neph. But it can, if you will but exert it; my uncle adored and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you

would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Neph. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonished us so agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us, which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial—[*Mimicking a strong brogue*]—Fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old jontleman, if he loves music, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too into the bargain, if he loves capering.—O bless me! my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through it.

[*Nephew and* BATES *both laugh.*

Neph. [*Kneeling and kissing her hand.*] O 'tis admirable! Love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer. What say you, Mr Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears! such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty; but away, away, and give him the first broadside in the Park: there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksey.

Wid. But will my dress suit the character I play?

Neph. The very thing. Is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready; 'tis an act of despair, to punish folly and reward merit; 'tis the last effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors Commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare.

[*Exit with spirit.*

Neph. Brava! bravissima! sweet widow. [*Exit after her.*

Bates. Huzza! huzza! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Park.*

Enter WHITTLE *and* KECKSEY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish; but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry: I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still life for me; I love the prittle prattle; it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap, while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I canno sleep with a noise; the widow was made on purpos for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you shall see her; you were always for a tall, chattering, frisky wench; now for my part I am with the old saying,

Wife a mouse,
Quiet house;
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates; let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us: when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd

out again. This way, friend Kecksey—What have we got here?

Keck. [*Looking out.*] Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbade him speaking to her; it can't be the widow: I hope it is not.

Enter Widow, followed by Nephew, three Footmen and a black Boy.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you that you swear you have, they would have cured you, by killing you long ago. Would you have e faitless to your uncle, hah! young man? Was ot I faitful to you, till I was order'd to be faitful to im? but I must know more of your English ways, nd live more among the English ladies, to learn how be faitful to two at a time—and so there's my wer for you.

Neph. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live hout you. [*Exit.*

Vid. Take what relief you plase, young jontleman, it have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad or of his sinses; for he swears he can't *live* without and yet he talks of *killing* himself! how does he e out dat? if a countryman of mine had made a blunder, they would have put it into all the spapers, and Faulkner's Journal beside; but an lishman may look over the hedge, while an Irish- must not stale a horse.

eck. Is this the widow, friend Whittle?

hit. I don't know, [*sighing;*] it is, and it is not.

id. Your servant, Mr Whittol; I wish you would e to your nephew not to be whining and dang- after me all day in his green coat like a parrot:

It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a grate dale of good.

Keck. [*to Whittle.*] She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh! hugh!

Whit. It is stronger to-day than ever I heard it. [*Staring.*

Wid. And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the most fullest when the wind is aesterly it has the same effect upon me as upon stammerin people—they can't spake for their impediment, an my tongue is fix'd so loose in my mouth, I can't sto it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Keckse

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better, sa

Wid. When the wind changes, I have no brogu all, at all.—But come, Mr Whittol, don't let us vulgar and talk of our poor relations: It is impo ble to be in this metropolis of London, and have thought but of operas, plays, masquerades, and p taons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks, to and refresh one in the summer.—La! la! la! [*S*

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat; we have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's af

Wid. How the people stare! as if they neve a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has go better of my good manners. This I suppose strange gentleman, is a near friend and relation

ch, notwithstanding his appearance, I shall al- trate him, though I might dislike him upon a r acquaintance.

eck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your kness, and I like your person, and I envy my d Whittle; and if you were not engaged, and I e not married, I would endeavour to make my- agreeable to you, that I would—hugh! hugh!

Wid. And indeed, Sir, it would be very *agraable me;* for if I should hate you as much as I did my t dare husband, I should always have the com- t, that in all human probability my torments would last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosylla- s, friend; this is better than bargain: she has a e bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome! I am struck all heap!

id. What, are you low spirited, my dare Mr ittol? When you were at Scarborough, and win- my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; w you have won me, you are as thoughtful it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I can't but say I am a lit- tle thoughtful—we take it by turns; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband, and that you could dry up your tears so soon natu- rally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands when I was sure of having a tirteenth like Mr Whittol! that's very natural sure, both in Eng- land and Dublin too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom —Hugh! hugh!

Whit. O yes, very happy.

Wid. But come, don't let us be melancholy before the time; I am sure I have been mop'd up for a

year and a half—I was obliged to mourn for my husband, that I might be sure of a second; an father kept my spirits in subjection, as the be ceipt (he said) for changing a widow into a wife now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must will have my swing: Now I am out of my cag could dance two nights together, and a day too, any singing bird; and I'm in such spirits, that I h got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon with wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my ey and don't I see there Miss Nancy O'Flarty and brother Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dyi Strephons at Scarborough—I have a very great reg for him, and must make him a little miserable w my happiness. [*Curtseys.*] Come along Skips [*to Servants;*] don't you be gostring there; show yo liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, a to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip a me as lightly as if you had on legs to your feet. shall be with you again, jontlemen, in the cra a fan—O, I'll have a husband, ay, marry.

[*Exit si*

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acqu ance—delicate reserve—mopes at home—forced into the air—inclined to a consumption—What a description you gave of your wife! Why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat me if I don't take care. What a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head; dance for two nights together! and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolved.

Keck. Here she comes again; it does my heart good to see her—You are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Enter Widow, &c.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! the poor Captain is marched

off in a fury: he can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you: he will make one of my danglers to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You shan't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made! I am in a sweat with the thought of my danger! [*Aside.*

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them—now they giggle and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh! hugh!—who's afraid? [*Exit.*

Wid. I know Mr Mac Brawn extremely well—He was very intimate at our house in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me, to be sure! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me: He was bred at the Dublin university; and, being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tate a tate.

Whit. She knows him too! I shall have my house over-run with the *Mac Brawns, O' Shoulders*, and the blood of the *Backwells*: Lord have mercy upon me!

Wid. Pray, Mr Whittol, is that poor spindle-legg'd crater of a cousin of yours lately married! ha! ha! ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agraable cough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied. [*Aside.*

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, Madam.

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, Sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger, the more honour: I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, Madam. [*Sighs.*

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs Brady in the joys of Mrs Whittol. Though I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr Whittol; and which I will pay you tinfold in tinderness: Your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality, with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton, and her daughter Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen *Maccaronies*, and two *Savoury Vivers*, are to take me there; and we propose a grate deal of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crator, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together: I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours. Are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr Whittol?

Whit. A little now and then, Madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come. I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketting, than

let any thing get into your head that should not be there, Mr Whittol!

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there: What a deliverance! [*Aside.*

Wid. [*looking at her Watch.*] Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company: But I must leave you, for there are half hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr Whittol. And there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning; and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad! He lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr Whittol, your obadient, 'till we meet at the pantaon.—Follow me, Pompey; and Skips, do you follow him.

Pom. The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go first after you, missis; they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame, your ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English-Christians—We can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my sarvice; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me: Can't I make him your superior, as the laws of the land have made him your equal? therefore resign as fast as you plase; you shan't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either; so come along Pompey, be after going before me—Mr Whittol, most tinderly yours. [*Exit.*

Whit. *Most tinderly yours!* [*Mimicks her.*] 'Ecod I believe you are, and any body's else. O what an escape have I had! But how shall I clear myself of this business? I'll serve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands: My nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune, he'll take the good and the bad together—

He shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my nephew, write and declare off with the widow, and so get rid of her *tinderness* as fast as I can. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* WHITTLE'S *House.*

Enter BATES *and Nephew.*

Neph. [*taking him by the hand.*] We are bound to you for ever, Mr Bates: I can say no more; words but ill express the real feelings of the heart.

Bates. I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter; but the business is not yet completed till *signatum et sigillatum.*

Neph. Let me fly to the widow, and tell her how prosperously we go on.

Bates. Don't be in a hurry, young man; she is not in the dark I assure you, nor has she yet finish'd her part: so capital an actress should not be idle in the last act.

Neph. I could wish that you would let me come into my uncle's proposal at once, without vexing him farther.

Bates. Then I declare off. Thou silly young man, are you to be duped by your own weak good nature, and his worldly craft? This does not arise from his love and justice to you, but from his own miserable situation; he must be tortured into justice: He shall not only give up your whole estate, which he is loth to part with, but you must now have a premium for agreeing to your own happiness. What! shall your widow, with wit and spirit, that would do the greatest honour to our sex, go through her task cheerfully; and

shall your courage give way, and be outdone by a woman's?—fie for shame!

Neph. I beg your pardon, Mr Bates; I will follow your directions: be as hard-hearted as my uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his soul.

Bates. That's a good child; and remember that your own and the widow's future happiness depends upon your both going through this business with spirit; make your uncle feel for himself, that he may do justice to other people. Is the widow ready for the last experiment?

Neph. She is; but think what anxiety I shall feel while she is in danger?

Bates. Ha! ha! ha! she'll be in no danger; besides, shan't we be at hand to assist her? Hark! I hear him coming: I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and, if we are not paid for our trouble, say I am no politician. Fly; now we shall do!

[*Exit Nephew.*

Enter WHITTLE.

Whit. Well, Mr Bates, have you talk'd with my nephew? is not he overjoyed at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untuned the whole family; you have screw'd him too high: the young man is out of his senses, I think: he stares and mopes about, and sighs—looks at me indeed, but gives very absurd answers. I don't like him.

Whit. What's the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected. There is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns; you have had it, and now transfer it to your nephew which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But am not I going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and whom I was going to marry myself?

Bates. Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his? What a tender uncle you are!

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. *Restore* to him, you mean—'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago: you must do more, or Old Nick will have you. Your nephew won't take the widow off your hands without a fortune—throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed, but I shan't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr Bates, be a true friend, and soothe my nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates. You have raised the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you. When the head is turned, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds. Shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself. [*Exit* Bates.] Why, I am in a worse condition than I was before! If this widow's father will not let me be off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better for it. My nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you; would you please to see him?

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*] I wonder if he has seen my letter to the widow;—I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of my mark before I strike my blow.

Enter Sir PATRICK.

Sir Pat. Mr Whizzle, your humble servant. It gives me great pleasure, that an old jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Nales: We have been too much jontlemen not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of jontleman by getting one. One runs out one way, and t'other runs in another; which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much obliged to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking—

Sir Pat. And I was thinking, if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again: She has as rich fine thick blood in her veins as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross, indeed! [*Aside.*

Sir Pat. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter; yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick; and I begin to shrink already.

Sir Pat. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a sucking chicken. You will find her a true jontlewoman; and so knowing, that you can teach her nothing: She brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing else; and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age—

Sir Pat. She's a charming crater; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, Sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits—

Sir Pat. To be sure you have; but you can't help that: And if my daughter was to mention any thing of a fleering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her ashamed of it. But mum, old gentleman, the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon: I have brought her up to softness, and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but *no*, and *yes*, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more ingenious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vastly altered then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses; and in either case, we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together.

Sir Pat. Till you are married, you mean:—with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never saw Lady O'Nale, your mother-in-law, who, poor crater, is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, till the week before I married her; and I did not care if I had never seen her then; which is a comfort too, in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick. I say—

Sir Pat. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English?

Whit. But you mistake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir Pat. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr

Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy to find out, after you have spoke, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir Pat. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir Pat. Your wife that is to be. Go on—

Whit. My wife that is *not* to be—Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir Pat. To be, or *not* to be, is that the question? I can swear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honoured by being in your family; but there are many reasons—

Sir Pat. To be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business, and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir Pat. What the devil, Mr Whizzle! do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Nale would carry your letters? I would have you know, that I despise your letters, and all that belongs to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, Heaven bless him! unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir Pat. What, is it nothing to make a penny postman of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day; and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family, and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Nales, or I will spill the last drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. [*Going, and returns.*] Harkee, you Mr Whizzle, Mr

Wheezle, Whistle, what's your name? You must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honour is satisfied, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to lave your house. So now, Mr Wheezle, you are to do as you plase. [*Exit.*

Whit. Now the devil is at work indeed! If some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nephew, and have a long Irish sword through me into the bargain. While I am in my senses I won't have the woman; and therefore he that is out of them shall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. Thomas!

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Sad work, Thomas!

Tho. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tho. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better; then nobody will believe it.

Tho. But they come to me to inquire.

Whit. And you contradict it.

Tho. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door just now, that it was all a lie; and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story: Upon that there gathered such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murder'd, and have my house pulled down into the bargain!

Tho. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town; so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You are out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drown'd if you marry.

Whit. I'm frighten'd out of my wits. Yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am order'd to stay to be murder'd in it, for aught I know. What are you muttering, Thomas? prithee speak out, and comfort me.

Tho. It is all a judgment upon you; because your brother's foolish will says, the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy; and I won't live long, I promise you. [*Knocking at the door.*

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [*Exit.*

Whit. What shall I do? My head can't bear it; I will hang myself, for fear of being run through the body.

Tho. [*returns with Bills*]. Half a score people I never saw before, with these bills and draughts upon you for payment, signed Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! What an impudent extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! Send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing!

Tho. You'll have another mob about the door. [*Going.*

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning. Stay, stay, that is promising payment. No, no, no—tell 'em they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and trick'd into the bargain.

Tho. When you are trick'd, we shall all be satisfied. (*Aside.*) [*Exit* THOMAS.

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow should be an Irish one! *quem Deus vult perdere*—Who have we here? another of the family, I suppose. [WHITTLE *retires.*

Enter Widow as Lieutenant O'Neale, seemingly flutter'd and putting up his sword, THOMAS *following.*

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, captain?

Wid. O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster: I shall teach them how to snigger, and look through glasses at their betters. These are your *Maccaroons,* as they call themselves: By my soul, but I would have stood still till I had overtaken them. These whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches than those I see in petticoats, that fait' and trot' it is a pity to hurt 'em: The fair sex in London here seem the most masculine of the two. But to business; friend, where is your master?

Tho. There, captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impertinent, sir, you will offend me. Lave the room.

Tho. I value my life too much not to do that—What a raw-bon'd tartar! I wish he had not been caught and sent here. [*Aside to his Master, and Exit.*

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tygers! I sweat at the sight of him.

I'm sorry Thomas is gone—He has been quarrelling already.

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol.

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles—And you were born and christen'd by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me.

Wid. Then they tóld no lies, fait'; so far, so good, [*Takes out a Letter.*] Do you know that handwriting?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions.

[*Showing his right-hand, and smiling.*

Wid. You had better not show your teeth, sir, till we come to the jokes—the handwriting is yours?

Whit. Yes, sir, it is mine. [*Sighs.*

Wid. Death and powder! What do you sigh for? are you ashamed or sorry for your handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be plas'd, sir, to read it aloud, that you may know it again when you hare it?

Whit. [*takes his Letter and reads.*] "Madam–[*reads.*]

Wid. Would you be plas'd to let us know what Madam you mean? for woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are so mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called *Madams.* You should always read the subscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, sir. I don't like this ceremony [*Aside*]. "To Mrs Brady, in Pall-Mall."

Wid. Now prosade—Fire and powder, but I would—

Whit. Sir! what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, sir, pray go on.

Whit. [*reads*]. "Madam—as I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions"—

Wid. I will not prefer *your* happiness to the indulgence of *my* passions—Mr Whittol, rade on.

Whit. "I must confess, that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues"—

Wid. Very unworthy, indeed. Rade on, sir.

Whit. "I have for some days had a severe struggle between my justice and my passion"—

Wid. I have had no struggle at all: My justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. "The former has prevailed; and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplishments, to some more deserving, though not more admiring servant, than your most miserable and devoted,

THOMAS WHITTLE."

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be—To the postscript,—rade on.

Whit. "Postscript: Let me have your pity, but not your anger."

Wid. In answer to this love epistle, you pitiful fellow, my sister presents you with her tinderest wishes; and assures you, that you have, as you desire, her pity, and she generously throws her contempt, too, into the bargain.

Whit. I'm infinitely obliged to her.

Wid. I must beg lave, in the name of all our family, to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wid. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffer'd without a brache into somebody's body, I have fix'd upon myself to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[*Sits down and loosens her knee bands.*

Whit. For heaven's sake, captain, what are you about?

Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging: it is for your sake as well as my own; for I will be twice through your body before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a bloody fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in.

Wid. Come, sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first by half a score that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But, captain, suppose I will marry your sister?

Wid. I have not the laste objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callagon O'Connor lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galway, except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs at the Currough: He would have forsaken her, if I had not stopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family styptic I have here. O ho! my little old boy, but you shall get it. [*Draws.*

Whit. What shall I do?—Well, sir if I must I must: I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now. I have set my heart upon it; and two birds in hand is worth one in the bushes, Mr Whittol.—Come, sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O, we'll settle 'em in a trice, I warrant you.
[*Puts herself in a position.*

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you. There, sir, take your choice; I will plase you if I can. [*Offers Pistols.*

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off: If I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. Look'ee, young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too!—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business. Prepare, sir!

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve your turn? I can't fight, and I won't fight: I'll do any thing rather than fight. I'll marry your sister. My nephew shall marry her: I'll give him all my fortune. What would the fellow have?——Here, nephew! Thomas! murder! murder! [*He flies, and she pursues.*

Enter BATES *and Nephew.*

Neph. What's the matter, uncle?

Whit Murder, that's all: That ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Neph. I'll find a way to cool him! Come out, sir, I am as mad as yourself. I'll match you, I warrant you. [*Going out with him.*

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over. [*Going after him.*

Whit. Stay, stay, nephew; you shan't fight: We shall be exposed all over the town; and you may lose your life, and I shall be cursed from morning to night. Do, nephew, make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family: Return to the widow. I will give you my consent and your fortune, and a fortune for the widow! five thousand pounds! Do persuade him, Mr Bates.

Bates. Do, Sir, this is a very critical point of your life. I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses.

Neph. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you plase, Sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr Bates; and do you follow me to my study to witness my proposal: It is all ready, and only wants signing. Come along, come along. [*Exit.*

Bates. Victoria! victoria! give me your swords and pistols: And now do your worst, you spirited loving young couple; I could leap out of my skin! [*Exit.*

Tho. [*peeping in.*] Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may skip and play. I leave you to your transports! [*Exit.*

Neph. O my charming widow, what a day have we gone through!

Wid. I would go through ten times as much to deceive an old amorous spark like your uncle, to purchase a young one like his nephew.

Neph. I listened at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears. Suppose my uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword?

Wid. I should have run away as he did. When two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and sure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Neph. Permit me thus to seal my happiness; [*kisses her hand.*] and be assured that I am as sensible as I think myself undeserving of it.

Wid. I'll tell you what, Sir; were I not sure you deserved some pains, I would not have taken any pains for you: And don't imagine now, because I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I shall go a little too far when I'm your wife. Indeed I shan't: I have done more than I should before I am your wife, because I was in despair; but I won't do as much as I may when I am your wife, though every Irish woman is fond of imitating English fashions.

Neph. Thou divine adorable woman!

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Enter WHITTLE *and* BATES.

Bates. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Whit. [*Turning to* BATES.] Hey day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand. [*Aside to* BATES.

Bates. Take no notice, all will come about.

[*Aside to* WHITTLE.

Wid. I find, Mr Whittle, your family loves kiss-

ing better than fighting: He swears I am as like my sister as two pigeons. I could excuse his raptures, for I had rather fight the best friend I have, than slobber and salute him a la Francoise.

Enter *Sir* PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir Pat. I hope, Mr Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer, without having any to give. I hear a grate deal of news about myself, and came to know if it be true. They say my son is in London, when he tells me himself by letter here that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come—*O gra ma chree, my little din ousil craw,* what have we got here! a piece of mummery! Here is my son and daughter too, fait: What, are you wearing the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs Weezel?

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son? [*Astonished.*

Sir Pat. No, but it is my daughter, and that's the same thing.

Wid. And your niece, Sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and I suppose *you* have not lost your wits, young man!

Neph. I sympathize with you, Sir; we lost 'em together, and found 'em at the same time.

Whit. Here's villainy! Mr Bates, give me the paper. Not a farthing shall they have till the law gives it 'em.

Bates. We'll cheat the law, and give it them now. [*Gives Nephew the paper.*

Whit. He may take his own, but he shan't have a sixpence of the five thousand pounds I promised him.

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the promise.

Sir Pat. Fait I'll witness dat, or any thing else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I chous'd again!

Bates. Why should not my friend be chous'd out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpen'd your nephew's wits; therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir Pat. And your trote too; which is all one: Therefore, to make all azy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Here are fine doings! I am deceived, tricked, and cheated!

Tho. I wish you joy, Sir; the best thing could have happen'd to you; and, as a faithful servant, I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Tho. You were galloping full speed, and down hill too; and, if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have *you* help'd to trick me?

Tho. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate: Give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will if I can: But I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face. Look ye, I am distress'd and distracted, and can't come to yet: I will be reconciled, if

possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I shall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the nephew to the uncle will meet with your approbation: Though we have not so much money, we shall have more love; one mind and half a purse in marriage, are much better than two minds and two purses. I did not come to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir Pat. You are out of my hands, Pat; so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Neph. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

Sir. Pat. Fine notions are fine tings, but a fine estate gives every ting but ideas; and them too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it.—What say you, widow?

Wid. By your and their permission, I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice and bad matter.

SONG.

A widow bewitch'd with her passion,
  Though Irish, is now quite ashamed,
To think that she's so out of fashion,
  To marry, and then to be tamed:
    'Tis love the dear joy,
    That old fashion'd boy,
Has got in my breast with his quiver;
    The blind urchin he,
    Struck the *Cush la maw cree*,
And a husband secures me for ever!
    Ye fair ones I hope will excuse me;
    Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me;

I cannot become a fine lady,
O love has bewitch'd Widow Brady.

II.

Ye critics, to murder so willing,
Pray see all our errors with blindness:
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond widow with kindness.
If you look so severe,
In a fit of despair,
Again I will draw forth my steel, sirs:
You know I've the art,
To be twice through your heart,
Before I can make you to feel, sirs:
Brother Soldiers! I hope you'll protect me,
Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
To favour my cause be but ready,
And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

III.

Ye leaders of dress and the fashions,
Who gallop post-haste to your ruin,
Whose taste has destroy'd all your passions,
Pray what do you think of my wooing?
You call it damn'd low,
Your heads and arms so, [*Mimicks them.*
So listless, so loose, and so lazy;
But pray what can you
That I cannot do?
O fie, my dear craters! be azy.
Ye patriots and courtiers so hearty,
To speech it and vote for your party;
For once be both constant and steady,
And vote to support Widow Brady.

IV.

To all that I see here before me,
The bottom, the top, and the middle,
For music we now must implore you,
No wedding without pipe and fiddle.
If all are in tune,
Pray let it be soon;

My heart in my bosom is prancing!
If your hands should unite,
To give us delight,
O that's the best piping and dancing!
Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady;
O joy to you all in full measure,
So wishes and prays Widow Brady. [*Exeunt.*

THE MINOR,

A

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Sir William Wealthy,	*Mr Baddeley.*
Shift, Smirk, and Mrs Cole,	*Mr John Bannister.*
Sir George Wealthy,	*Mr Whitfield.*
Loader,	*Mr R. Palmer.*
Mr Richard Wealthy,	*Mr Packer.*
Dick,	*Mr Burton.*
Transfer,	*Mr Hollingsworth.*
Lucy,	*Miss Collins.*

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sir William Wealthy,	*Mr Cha. Bannister.*
Shift, Smirk, and Mrs Cole,	*Mr Wewitzer.*
Sir George Wealthy,	*Mr Macready.*
Loader,	*Mr Cubitt.*
Mr Richard Wealthy,	*Mr Thompson.*
Dick,	*Mr Stevens.*
Transfer,	*Mr Rock.*
Lucy,	*Mrs Lewis.*

THE MINOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter CANKER *and* SMART.

Smart. But are you sure he has leave?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh, either with him, or at him; it does not signify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his scheme?

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that seems to stand sentry there?

Cank. By his tatter'd garb and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Halloa, Mr——

Enter PEARSE.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearsal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let's go and see what he is about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FOOTE *and an Actor.*

Foote. Sir, this will never do; you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling—

Enter SMART *and* CANKER.

Smart. Ha! ha! ha! what, hard at it, my boy! Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan!

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your group; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from the north, with the true Newcastle burr in her throat; and a nose and a chin—I am afraid she is not well enough known; but I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me; for if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dash'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I should think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician?

Foote. Ay; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is removed, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues them to the banks of the Rhine in a stream of spilt Port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote. Or what say you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, though as broken-winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

Smart. Admirable! by heavens—Have you got 'em?

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em, my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Prithee why not?

Foote. Why, look'ye, Smart, though you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing, you, I'm sure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Mischief.

Smart. No prithee—

Foote. How, now, am I sure that you, who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foote. Why, as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopp'd in a minute by the clamour of your relations.—Oh, damme, 'tis a shame,—it should not be,—people of distinction brought upon the stage!—And so, out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

Smart. How can you think I would be such a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal? Give us the actors, however.

Foote. Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

Smart. How so?

Foote. Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you at the same time injure their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before was only the amusement of private parties.

Cank. Give us then a national portrait; a Scotchman, or an Irishman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable than the colour of his hair. Now, affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty Boys in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there such?

Foote. If you mean, that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristical marks of a whole country, your pride may produce a laugh; but, believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

Cank. Heyday, what a system is here! Laws for

laughing! And pray, sage Sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Psha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots,—damn'd abstruse jargon. Ha, Canker?

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a—

Foote. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace? You must excuse me.

Cank. And with these principles you expect to thrive on this spot?

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee, the plain roast and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We must have high-season'd ragouts and rich sauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of desert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of those itinerant field orators, who, though at declared enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. *Ludere cum sacris*, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner: I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed, if it be considered—

Foote. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument cannot cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry. Where then can we have recourse but to the Comic Muse? Perhaps the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already distemper'd, it may be a means to stop the infection.

Smart. But how is your scheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece. I should be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think I need not beg, that as, from necessity, most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reasonable.

Foote. Come then, Prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a stand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs O-Schohnesy has return'd the part of the bawd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing.

Foote. Indeed!

Pear. If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I will do the character myself. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY *and Mr.* RICHARD WEALTHY.

Sir Wil. Come, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that; and highly probable that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it then your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster-bridge.

Sir Wil. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony: France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equipped him with capriols and cantatas; and, thus accomplished, my young gentleman is returned with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddle-sticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Wil. You dislike, then, my system of education?

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Wil. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Wil. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet through a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practised more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Wil. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you removed him to the university; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improved, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileged distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Wil. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented.

R. Weal. Doubtless.——Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir Wil. Why, truly brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, cozenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us suburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are changed since the date of thy indentures; when the sleek crop-ear'd prentice used to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St Bride's on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gawdy day, with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile-end.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir Wil. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; aye, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aspersion!

Sir Wil. But the last meeting at Newmarket, Lord Lofty received, at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual tailor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new set of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir Wil. These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Weal. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only seat of the family.

Sir Wil. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce?

R. Weal. I do. None at all.

Sir Wil. Why so?

R. Weal. Because your means are ill-proportioned to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him—

Sir Wil. As you have done your daughter—discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Weal. That would weigh nothing with me; for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one as severely punished as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

Sir Wil. Poor Lucy! But surely you begin to relent. May not I intercede?

R. Weal. Look ye, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if, directly or indirectly, you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient hussy, all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother than I do her as a child.

Sir Wil. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weal. I shall attend the issue.

Sir Wil. You will lend your aid, however?

R. Weal. We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Sir Wil. Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The person is without, Sir.

Sir Wil. Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit Servant.*

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promised to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him viva voce. *So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,*

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The party's name is* Samuel Shift. *He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr Capias!—John?

Enter Servant.

Bid the person who brought this letter walk in. [*Exit Servant.*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. Weal. Not a jot. I must to the 'Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan's. [*Exit* R. WEALTHY.

Sir Wil. You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift *and Servant.*

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit Servant.*] You came from Mr Capias?

Shift. I did, Sir.

Sir Wil. Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, Sir.

Sir Wil. Did Mr Capias drop any hint of my business with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client: he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Wil. Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair!—Well, Sir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, Sir, you are to—

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now, Mr Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Wil. Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I questioned your generosity; but forms, you know—

Sir Wil. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, Sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Wil. Hum!—And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Wil. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Wil. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Wil. Could nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'ee, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne scai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock:—you shall see me all.

Sir Wil. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know, then, that fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all; has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of—Light your Honour—A link boy.

Sir Wil. A pleasant fellow. Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage; in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an itinerant cat and dog butcher. Cats meat and dogs meat. I dare say, you have heard my mother, Sir. But, as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the street.

Sir Wil. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school which has produced many a great man,—the avenues of the playhouse. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguished link, I learned dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise from their masters. Here, sirrah, light me across the kennel. I hope your honour will remember poor Jack. You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you.—But, lack-a-day, Sir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Wil. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre, I must add one that I obtained within.

Sir Wil. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me. A detachment from the head quarters here took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage and clipping the candles. There my skill and address were so conspicuous, that it procured me the same office, the ensuing winter, at Drury-lane, where I acquired intrepidity, the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Wil. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For, I think, Sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery, in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Wil. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab apple, applied to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Wil. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But, as it happened, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Wil. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, Sir, moved the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man; he took me into his service. To him I owe, what, I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Wil. Explain.

Shift. Why, Sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteemed at present, is, by Tully, reckoned amongst the perfections of an orator—mimickry.

Sir Wil. Why, you are deeply read, Mr Shift?

Shift. A smattering—but, as I was saying, Sir, nothing came amiss to my master: Bipeds or quadrupeds; rationals or animals; from the clamour of the bar to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-court to the melodious bray of their long-eared brethren in Bunhill-fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I studied and starved, impoverished my body and pampered my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Wil. You have been successful, I hope?

Shift. Pretty well. I cannot complain. My art, Sir, is a *passe-par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a Pocket-book.*] Hum—hum—Oh! Wednesday at Mrs Gammut's, near Hanover-square. There, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr Deputy Sugarsop's, near the Monument. So, Sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Wil. I'm afraid, Mr Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Wil. You can be secret as well as serviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackarel.

Sir Wil. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son—

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Wil. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr Shift, centered in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Wil. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and, from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I'm afraid he wished,—my death—

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Wil. Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy, indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Wil. Prithee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-tied.

Sir Wil. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Wil. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Wil. George, as I have contrived it, shall experience all the miseries of real ruin, without running the least risk.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maitre.*

Sir Wil. I have prevailed upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Wil. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Wil. My brother, I say, some time since, wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately?

Sir Wil. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Wil. Now, Sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall on his return, I have, in a feigned character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope—

Shift. What then?

Sir Wil. Then will I step in, like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If, mortified by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have saved my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolved. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Wil. Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Wil. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science; can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Wil. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I would engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the Baron. But of that by and bye. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the ten per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Wil. Pray do you know,—I forget his name,

—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-house; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple Exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer, the broker?

Sir Wil. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Aye, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday he had me turned out, at a feast in Leather-sellers' hall, for singing *Room for Cuckolds*, like a parrot; and vowed it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Wil. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes. I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and, would you believe it, as I hope to be saved, we dined, supped, and wetted five-and-thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross Keys, in order to settle the terms; and, after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a stiver.

Sir Wil. Could you personate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute, and with a withered face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Wil. I have. Could not you, Master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a Nautilus; from the Apollo Belvidere to a Butterfly.

Sir Wil. One of these insinuating oily orators I will get you to personate; for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Wil. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Wil. (*Going, returns.*) You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnished with in five minutes [*Exit Sir Wil.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater.—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine!—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly —dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others.——Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, hold, friend Samuel, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germanized genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit? There's danger in that; ay, marry is there. 'Egad, before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then, if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir George, Loader, *and Servant.*

Sir Geo. Let the martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted.——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr Loader. I have just enough to discharge the Baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub-nosed son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-Dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr Loader.

Load. Who, I? Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick by the Baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quatre man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage afresh till our old scores are discharged.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em say what they will. Here, Sir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They would as soon now-a-days pay a tradesman's bill as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They could as soon raise the dead as two pounds two. Nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals.—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter DICK.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. Nobody, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal! He promised to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs Cole from the Piazza was here between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we used to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels; all over the rheumatiss.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the Tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make proselytes from that profes-

sion, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offered me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of them.

Dick. Laud, Sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit, will supply all that, Dick; never fear.

Enter SIR WILLIAM *as a German Baron.*

My dear Baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Wil. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing——I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

Sir Geo. But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir Wil. Why dere was, Monsieur le Chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by Gad I guess your business. Dere was one fat big-woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by Gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic!—But she despised him?

Sir Wil. Ah, ma foy, he is damn'd rich, has beau-

coup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the Signora, Madam, der is one certain Chevalier of dis country, who has travelled see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by Gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, Baron.

Sir Wil. She aska your name: as soon as I tell her, aha, by Gar, dans an instant she melt like de lomp of sugar: she run to her beaureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Les preliminaries d'une traité entre le Chevalier Wealthy and la Signora Diamenti.

A bagatelle, a trifle; she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, Knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! the eloquence of angels, my dear Baron!

Load. Slam me but the man's mad! I don't understand their gibberish.—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty between Sir G. Wealthy and Signora Florenza; that the said Signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so! Why, did you never see her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey day! Why what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare; I don't wonder at it.

This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surprized at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mrs Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Wil. I sall.

Sir Geo. Mr Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady? she is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I would not give sixpence for your Signoras. One armful of good wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship load of their trapesing, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, Baron, how much for the table? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Wil. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey. [*Exit.*

Load. Strip me if I would set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with

the game in his hand, if I were you, Knight, if I would not——

Sir Geo. But the lady waits. [*Ex.* LOAD.] A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks! Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter MRS COLE, *supported by* LOADER *and* DICK.

Mrs Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs Cole. Fie, Mr Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well.—And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour the——Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What's the matter, Mrs Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rhumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of——Oh la!—What, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole? No, no, I am worn out, thrown by, and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no.——There's your old friend Kitty Carrot at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have

kept the Green Room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's? Hey, Beldam, have you a good batch of burgundy abroach?

Mrs Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs Cole. Ah don't mention it, Mr Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: but now, O laud, a thimble-full turns me topsy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fixed upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-eyed girl from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh!

Sir George. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a-bed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir George. They are but cordials, Mrs Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [*Exit Dick.*

Mrs Cole. Ay, I am a-going; a-wasting, and a-wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows!—No.—When people

are missed, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I lived in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years have I paid scot and lot in the parish of St Paul's; and during the whole time, nobody have said, Mrs Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir George. Nay, don't weep, Mrs Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think one has passed through the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter DICK *with a Dram.*

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs Cole. Hold, hold, Mr Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pulled. But now to business. Prithee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench, in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning.

Mrs Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs Cole. Impossible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Trotter. I have taken earnest for her this three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that? Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turned her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallowed up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night, I believe, I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs Cole. I have advertised this morning in the register-office for servants under seventeen, and ten to one but I light upon something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But, pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to show me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a com-

fortable communion enough for one of us; but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent, and, would you believe it, the bare-footed bald-pated beggars would not give me absolution, without I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby—Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things—Oh! six of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh scandalous!

Mrs Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wished to Mr Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Mr Transfer, sir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs Cole, I am mortified to part with you; but business, you know—

Mrs Cole. True, Sir George. Mr Loader, your arm. Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs Cole?

Mrs Cole. Not a drop. I shall see you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs Cole. To-morrow I hope to suit you. We are to have, at the Tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which,

I shall call at the register-office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs Cole.

Mrs Cole. Or, if that should not do, I have a tit-bit at home will suit your stomach, never brushed by a beard. Well, heaven bless you.—Softly, have a care, Mr Loader. Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road.—Gently, so, so!

[*Exeunt Mrs* COLE *and* LOADER.

Sir Geo. Dick, show Mr Transfer in. Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual! With what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling! No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter LOADER.

Load. Well, knight, I have housed her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter DICK *introducing* TRANSFER.

Dick. My master will come to you presently.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Mr Transfer, your servant.

Trans. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr Transfer—but take a chair; you have had a long

walk. Mr Loader, I presume, opened to you the urgency of my business.

Trans. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note with a tolerable endorsement was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard, now, would join in this security—

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Trans. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be considered in the premium—

Trans. True, true, I see you understand business. And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack! How much have you brought?

Trans. Who, I? dear me, none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Trans. Lack-a day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow chandler in Thames-street, used to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why, what the devil can I do?

Trans. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so pressed.

Sir Geo. My honour pressed! Yes, my honour is not only pressed, but ruined; unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Trans. Well, well, now I declare I am quite sorry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your sorrow.

Trans. But come, don't be cast down: Though

money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why, I have, at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzic dowlass, with a curious sortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay; then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, there's a hundred ton of fine old hay, only damaged a little last winter for want of thatching; with forty load of flint-stones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Trans. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets! Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who, I? O la! marry, heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you stuttering scoundrel.

Trans. If your honour would but hear me—

Sir Geo. Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [*Ex. Tr.*] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that, were my mind more at ease—[*Enter* LOADER.] So, Sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir Geo. He can't supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlass.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means must not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, prithee, of what use would his—

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spank-

ers, my boy. I have a broker, that, in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You sit down to hazard, and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Hollo, Transfer.—A pretty, little, busy, bustling—You may travel miles before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow-boys bolt again.

Enter TRANSFER.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap; knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Trans. What I said was to serve Sir George; as he seemed——

Load. I told him so. Well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, prithee, if thou could'st not procure us some of the ready for present spending.

Trans. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do: come, shuffle thy brains; never fear the Baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Trans. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend that used to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Trans. Statute the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nicked the chance.

Trans. A hard man, master Loader.

Sir Geo. No matter.

Trans. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Trans. But, to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Trans. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Trans. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Trans. Then, as you are not of age, five more for insuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Trans. As for what he will demand for the risk—

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfied.

Trans. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply. Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now, every thing is settled. All terms shall be complied with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Exit Tr.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter TRANSFER.

Trans. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Trans. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Trans. They shall be forthcoming.——You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Exit Tr.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery. Not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are very obliging.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of 'em all in a crack. [*Exit.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. Your uncle, Sir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Show him in. [*Exit Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My situation shan't sink my spirits, however. Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter RICHARD WEALTHY.

R. Weal. So, Sir; what, I suppose this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence-chamber is crowded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear uncle. Would it have been decent now, uncle, to have introduced you into such company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully considerate. Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received by the last mail a quire of your drafts from abroad. I see you are determined our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all these to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear uncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a souse to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharged.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a rascal, who has picked your pocket, shall have his

crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delayed, and his demand treated as insolent!

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear uncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly. But make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I can't dispense with myself from executing.—It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now, his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear uncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi—me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your answer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then, concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Rir Geo. So am I.

S. Weal. But pray, if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daugh-

ter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity. What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, inquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps I am the stumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why, it is not so much a dislike to your person, though that is exceptionable enough; but your profession, dear uncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! so stained, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The deuce!

Sir Geo. And could you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself, might prove, in some measure, a kind of fullers-earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible!

R. Weal. Besides, here, it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank Heaven, Mr Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too

well instructed in the value of nobility to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a bourgeois. Why, what apology could I make to my children for giving them such a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Though, upon recollection——Is the grisette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. *Ah, la jolie petite bourgeoise!* Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration would be spared?

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour one would strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of distinction engages in commerce, his nobility is suffered to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And, upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting-house, and quit St Mary-axe for Grosvenor-square—

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself,—for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap,—if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevailed upon to restore her to the rights of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension!

Sir Geo. Good nature is my foible. But, upon

my soul, I would not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head?---

Sir Geo. Heyday! what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great-uncle, a soap-boiler?

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserved your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repaired your tottering hall, from the ruins of which even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perished! Insupportable, soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in the country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I would have you restored to the sordid condition from whence we drew you, and, like your predecessors the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood would have soiled my sword—

Enter BARON *and* LOADER.

Sir Wil. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dared to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Wil. Vat, you from the boiler of soap?

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Wil. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, Mister Monsieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How?

Sir Wil. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Wil. A beggarly Bourgeois, vis-a-vis a Baron of twenty descents!

Load. But, Baron—

Sir Wil. Bygar, I am almost ashamed to win of such a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let a me never see your face.

Load. Why, but Baron, you mistake this thing; I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Wil. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the Grand Signior. He was, indeed, a good-natured, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he used to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintances for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Wil. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Wil. Oh dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter DCK.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr Loader. [*Exit.*

Load. I come—A pretty son-of-a-bitch this Baron! Pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oilman. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. I beg pardon, Chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the flam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter LOADER.

Load. Mr Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Show him in by all means.

[*Exit* LOADER.

Sir Wil. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes. [*Exit Sir* WILLIAM.

Enter LOADER, *with* SHIFT *as* SMIRK.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought you a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two Delf dishes and a dozen of pewter in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be concealed.

Smirk. Buried here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play debt. But then we must know the parties, otherwise it

might be knocked down to the husband himself.—Ha, ha.—Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. Nobody's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr Prig, the greatest man in the world in his way, aye, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man: he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He would force you to bid whether you would or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor Mr Prig, was to have a sale, as it might be, on a Saturday. On Friday, at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seized with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bed-side, squeez'd me by the hand; dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest show this season: prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and miniuonettes, all the world will be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs Nankyn, the Duchess of Dupe, and every body at all: you see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do? It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to show my love, rashly and rapidly replied,—I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness! But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the

awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me was a wig, but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment; I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear, gentlemen, what has happened; Mr Prig, one of the greatest men in his way the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greatest show this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs Nankyn, Duchess of Dupe, and all mankind: it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—they stared—it is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided; some recommended a tye, others a bag; one mentioned a bob, but was soon over-ruled. Now, for my part, I own I rather inclined to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolved to take Mrs Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision?

Smirk. I told her the case.—My dear, you know what has happened. My good friend Mr Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic—the greatest show this season to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig; I have asked my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag,—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face, would be rather too formal, and a bag rather too boyish, de-

ficient in dignity for the solemn occasion; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hanged if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utensil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh; but I got through it. Her Grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to Lady Dy, upon my word Mr Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her Grace, as in duty bound. Bnt one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember Dr Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounced it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, Sir, the lot was a Guido? a single figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preserved, and highly finished. It stuck at five-and-forty; I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people, A-going for five-and-forty, nobody more than five-and-forty?——Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensued; I bowed, and in three minutes knocked it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! you did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner too was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at

the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public characters should not be sported with—They are sacred—But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you. There will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surprised—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Sir GEORGE *and* LOADER.

Sir Geo. A most infernal run. Let's see. (*Pulls out a Card.*) Loader a thousand, the Baron two, Tally——Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plunged me! And no resource!

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do. [*Exit* LOADER.

Enter Mrs COLE *and* LUCY.

Mrs Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenced your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management. She

is young, tender, and timid! does not know what is for her own good: but your honour will soon teach her. I would willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Awkward —Can't produce her publicly as mine, but she will do for private amusement—Will you be seated, Miss? —Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be so kind, madam, to walk from your frame, and take a chair? —Come, prithee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, Miss.

Lucy. O, Sir!

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean! Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, Sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpose?

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all; and yet believe me, Sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distrest, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you—I cannot.

Sir Geo. Prithee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs Cole?

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, Sir, is a tedious melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, Sir, I relied in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, Sir, I was considered as the joint heiress of a respectable wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel though he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter; suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man, sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, though mildly given, inflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banished me his house, distrest and destitute.

Sir Geo. Would no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, Sir, such a step would be considered by my father as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retired to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident placed me in a house, the mistress of which professed the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and, in return, received the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately, indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon; but an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, revealed all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts used to seduce me: happily they hitherto have failed. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, Sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For though I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatched

some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescued from infamy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. Zooks, I have toil'd like a horse; quite tired, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! and what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an exciseman, I suppose; and so with an inkhorn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl, I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him dup'd by this old don. It must not be. I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie conceal'd, and perhaps be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot.
And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot.
[*Exit.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM *and* RICHARD WEALTHY.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose, by this time you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery?

Sir Wil. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Wil. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, have you my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Wil. It is almost time to produce it, or read

him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. Sir, Sir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Wil. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter SIR GEORGE, *driving in* LOADER *and another.*

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that, like the locust, mark the road you have taken by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid, complicated villainy? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and------O, sir, are you here? I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Wil. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have received. A baron---a nobleman---a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these? *(pulls out Dice,)* pretty implements! the fruits of your leisure hours! they are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.---Dick, secure the door.

Mrs COLE, *speaking as entering.*

Mrs Cole. Here I am at last. Well, and how is

your honour, and the little gentlewoman?---Bless me, what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, Madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguished in your penance; which I promise you, shall be most publicly and plentifully bestowed.

[*Exit Mrs* COLE.

Enter DICK.

Dick. The constables, Sir. [*Enter Constables.*

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Wil.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Though, if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and, when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Wil. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guessed. An impostor. He has recovered the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Wil. Nay, but George—

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Wil. Hold, hold a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! the very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father? Impossible!

Sir Wil. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing!

Sir Wil. Alive! Ay, and I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear Sir, the report of your death ——and this disguise——to what——

Sir Wil. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would become of your politics.

Sir Wil, You did so, but if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot —O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, Sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explained; till when, keep 'em safe in custody.— Do you know them, Sir?

Sir Wil. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too——But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, Sir; but I think I could produce you a proof that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir Wil. Ay! why then prithee do.

Sir Geo. I have, Sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and

must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Wil. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Prithee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Wil. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now; a prodigious fine, elegant girl, faith, that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw; who, being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touched with her story, truth, and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Wil. Lookee there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom?

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the— But they are here.

Enter Sir GEORGE *and* LUCY.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, Madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, Sir, can you forgive your poor distrest, unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been used since my banishment from your parental roof. Want, pining want, anguish, and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Wil. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suf-

fer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly completed! Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but—

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy intrument—Yet, might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir Wil. Me! Oh, I'll show you in an instant. Give me your hands. There, children, now you are joined; and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happiness attend you.

Sir Wil. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope, you'll own, Sir.

Sir Wil. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, Sir. But if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, Sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.

SHIFT, *addressing himself to Sir* GEORGE.

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?
Your father talks of lending me a lift—
A great man's promise, when his turn is served!
Capons, on promises, would soon be starved:
No, on myself alone I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye—
Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel;
I knew the mother and her daughter well.
Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted;
For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted:
One fatal day the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cried.
[*Child.*] Mother, you cry! [*Moth.*] Oh, child, I've got no bread.
[*Child.*] What matters that? Why, Providence an't dead!
With reason good, this truth the child might say,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better sure a table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
Think you to meet with side-boxes above,

Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the house for Satan's benefit.
Oh! what, you snivel? well, do so no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And if I please,—I'll give it to the poor.

THE

MAYOR OF GARRATT;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Jacob Jollup,	*Mr Penley.*
Major Sturgeon,	*Mr Dowton.*
Jerry Sneak,	*Mr Russell.*
Crispin Heel-tap,	*Mr De Camp.*
Bruin,	*Mr Smith.*
Lint,	
Roger,	
Snuffle,	
Matthew Mug,	
Mrs Sneak,	*Mrs Harley.*
Mrs Bruin,	*Miss Kelly.*

THE

MAYOR OF GARRATT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jacob's House at Garratt.*

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Roger—

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetched in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key: the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit* ROGER.

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure; but I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—— [*Knocking at the Gate.* Who is that, Roger?

Rog. [*without.*] Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter LINT.

Sir Jac. Well, Master Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to inquire after your health. and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, Master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob. Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, Master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, better the next—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestle and mortars. Why, a fever that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums.

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, Master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars; murderous dogs.

ROGER *brings the News.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the church-wardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn, before the worshipful Mr Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of—

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, sirrah, do you think Mr Justice Drowsy would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropsy, by West—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer by Cleland

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock—

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And squinting by the Chevalier Taylor.

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse

the commission?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licensing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* now-a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why, the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major STURGEON.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Maj. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dared to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Maj. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the major more than the magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—— Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Maj. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life, for you, to enter upon the profession of arms?

Maj. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes; but use—use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Maj. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Maj. Oh such marchings and counter-marchings! from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Maj. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault: I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Maj. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop: on they

came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Maj. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Maj. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month——Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Maj. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Maj. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did?

Maj. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Maj. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Maj. He was: for the Colonel not only took away

his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Maj. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was trained up to arms from his youth: at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the artillery-ground, at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, alderman, and colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Maj. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines: so after shop was shut up at night, he used to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great?

Maj. Amazing. In a week, I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Maj. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions and revolutions: Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Maj. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus.*

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplined troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Maj. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, un-

less indeed upon a lord mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Maj. No: soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequoi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get a shove-pike.

Maj. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs Sneak and the lovely Mrs Bruin? Is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, ho! now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them. Come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Maj. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Maj. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censurer, I shall retire to my savin field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Maj. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; *Cedunt arma togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your country.

Maj. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Maj. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimuses ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Maj. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing? for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business to-day, I believe the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Maj. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No; poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Maj. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Maj. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Maj. You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—And quite changed?

Sir Jac. Entirely: they say his wife has made him a methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington Common.

Maj. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country!—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Maj. Well done, Master Matthew—But pray now, Sir Jacob— [*Mob without,* Huzza!

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger!

Enter ROGER.

Rog. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap the cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob:—make way there; stand farther off from the gate; here is Madam Sneak in a chair along with her husband.

Maj. Gad's so, you will permit me to convoy her in. [*Exit Major.*

Sir Jac. Now, here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter MRS SNEAK, *handed by the Major.*

Mrs Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say—

Enter SNEAK, *with a Band-box, a Hoop-petticoat under his arm, and Cardinal, &c. &c.*

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[*Jerry drops the things in searching his Pocket for the Fan.*

Mrs Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy! Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak. [*Exit Sneak.*

Mrs Sneak, Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs Sneak. Meek! a mushroom, a milksop.

Sir Jac. Look ye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[*Exit Sir Jacob.*

Mrs Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars, indeed, allotted me a military man, I should doubtless have deported myself in a beseemingly manner.

Maj. Unquestionably, Madam.

Mrs Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Maj. I should have been too happy.

Mrs Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army: they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish—

Maj. Oh! Madam—

Mrs Sneak. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Maj. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, Madam.

Mrs Sneak. I know it, good Sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have missed.

Maj. Oh, Madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit. [*Aside.*

Mrs Sneak. Then to be joined to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin maker!

Maj. Melancholy!—

Mrs Sneak. To be jostled and crammed with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choked with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Maj. Intolerable!

Mrs Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Maj. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Maj. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Maj. Divine Mrs Sneak!

Mrs Sneak. Obliging commander!

Maj. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs Sneak. Sir—

Maj. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Maj. Courteous, condescending, complying,—Hum—ha!

Enter SNEAK.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs Sneak. I wish they had all been soused in the Thames—A prying impertinent puppy!

Maj. Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Maj. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglio and Bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Maj. Oh, Madam, I can never be alone; your sweet dear will be my constant companion.

Mrs Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Maj. Madam—

Mrs Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Maj. Oh, Madam—

Mrs Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Maj. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs Sneak. Courteous commander!

Maj. Paragon of women!

Mrs Sneak. Adieu!

Maj. Adieu! [*Exit* MRS SNEAK.

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Maj. I doubt not, Mr Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins the packer, little Tom Simkins the grocer, honest master Muzzle the midwife—

Maj. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in gray." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

Maj. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Maj. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Maj. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Maj. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Maj. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Maj. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. (*within.*) Come along, Jane; why, you are as pursy and lazy, you jade—

Enter BRUIN *and* WIFE: BRUIN *with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great coat, and fishing-rod.*

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig: you slut, how you have tousled the curls! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Mrs Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Maj. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. (*Exit Major.*) A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs Bruin. Good Lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secured the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed—

Mrs Bruin. There's Mr Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: Indeed if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knocked up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs Jane.

Mrs Bruin. And pray, who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitched: Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.——But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And d'ye hear, Jane, be sure lay the fishing-rod safe.

[*Exit Mrs Bruin.*

Sneak. Od's me, how finely she's managed! What would I give to have my wife as much under.

Bruin. It is your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. Why she allows me but two shilling a-week for my pocket.

Bruin. No?

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays

all: and then I am forced to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still apprentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of undercrust since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin! God, I would so curry and claw her!

Bruin. By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why, then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs Sneak (*within.*) Jerry! Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice! Look ye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs Sneak. (*within.*) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy.—But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs Sneak. (*within.*) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [*Exit Sneak.*

Bruin. *Ex quovis linguo:* who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob. Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene continues.

Sir JACOB, *Major* STURGEON, *Mr and Mrs* BRUIN, *Mr and Mrs* SNEAK, *discovered.*

Mrs Sneak. Indeed, Major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a lord mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Maj. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits; but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*: besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad so, then they will soon be upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Maj. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch rascal—

Sneak. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs Sneak. That puppy will always be a chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

Maj. Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same: for though art and education may disguise or polish the manner, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Maj. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

Maj. Ay, ay: I could have told these things formerly; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

Mob without huzza.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might we not have a tankard of stingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger—

[*Exeunt into the Balcony.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Mob, with HEEL-TAP *at their Head; some crying,* A GOOSE; *others,* A MUG; *others,* A PRIMMER.

Heel Silence there; silence.

1st Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace; what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil: Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton?

Snuf. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary; for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me; and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but, first, your reverence to the lord of the manor; a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuf. To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt; Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being——

Heel. This Goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

Snuf. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd, cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-faced ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1*st Mob.* No Goose! no Goose!

2*d Mob.* A Goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuf. Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.

1*st Mob.* A Mug a Mug!

Heel. Oh, oh! what, you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard? But fair and soft, good neighbours: let us taste this Master Mug before we swallow him; and unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob Hear him; hear Master Heel-tap.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question—bring him forward —Pray, is not this Mathew Mug a victualler?

1st Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

1st Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

1st Mob. I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah; an't it a groat?

1st Mob. I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale, this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuf. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him:—why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what, is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall along with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden: I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit Sneak.*

Mob. (*without.*) Huzza.

Heel Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be convassed in order: let us see who comes first.

1st Mob. Master Mug.

Heel. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter MATTHEW MUG.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr Heel-tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

Heel. There did not I tell you?

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st Mob. He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health?

2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what, honest Dick Bennet!

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Mr Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Master Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Hark'ye, Master Mug.

Mug. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

4th Mob. Why, as how and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True, a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promised to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fixed; it is settled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

Mug. The best in the world; head-butler to Lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a sinecure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair,

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

Mug. True; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be so.

Mug. It is so. Hark'ye, dear Heel-tap, who is this fellow? I should remember his face.

Heel. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profess.

Heel. No!

Mug. No.

Heel. Well said, Master Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to say to the corporation?

Mug. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt——

Heel. Now twig him; now mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferred; and should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wansworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbage, carrots, and cauliflowers, may be deemed at present your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufactoring of sparagrass. Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the bell; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon

me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt will, in a short time, at the London market, be held at least as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! I must step in, or he will carry the day. Hark'ye, Master Mug?

Mug Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have raised it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

Heel What, sirrah, do you offer a bribe? D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel?

Mug. Gentlemen——

Heel. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offered to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends—

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel. Hold, hold, no riot: but, that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes, and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exeunt Heel-tap and Mob.*

Sir JACOB, BRUIN, *and Wife come from the Balcony.*

Sir Jac. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am pleased with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleased.

Mrs Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fie, Mr Bruin, how can you be such a bear? is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to——

Enter SNEAK *in a violent hurry.*

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin! O Lord, brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know how I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens; but the deuse a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you; the door was lock'd; and then

I looked through the key hole; and there, Lord a mercy upon us! (*Whispers*) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not: What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant the Major would have knocked me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. [*Mob huzzas.*

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN, *&c.*

Heel. Where is Master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you Mayor.

Sneak Me! huzza! Good Lord, who would have thought it! But how came Mr Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain; huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin!

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter Mrs SNEAK.

Mrs Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes; she is axing for me.

Mrs Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a voman.—Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs Sneak. Hey-day! I am amazed! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitched.

Sneak. No, I am unwitched, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wisit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it! Vhy, I did not think it vas in me: shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster.—Besides, Madam, I have something furder to tell you: ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs Sneak. Why, doodle, jackanapes, harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: Am I?—vhy, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs Sneak. My master! you paultry, puddling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs Sneak. Have I, sirrah, demeaned myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee! have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought, Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have picked and choosed where I would: did not I refuse Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counseller Crab come a-courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs Sneak. My last legs!—But I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast!

Mrs Sneak. Mr Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then! he is set on by you to abuse me?

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man to behave like a man.

Mrs Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—but here comes the Major.

Enter Major STURGEON.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Maj. Look ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial——

Bruin. What then?

Maj. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Maj. What? read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Maj. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason: I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaining about, I did. Father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Maj. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past —But for you—

Bruin. Well!

Maj. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they

are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—

Maj. Box! box!—Blades, bullets, bagshot!

Mrs Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! O risk not so precious a life! Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Maj. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs Sneak; these little fracases we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what are you all leagued against his dear—A man, yes; a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abused by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh, Lord, I can hold out no longer! Why, brother Bruin, you have set her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't veep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly veep!

Mrs Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly——

[*Strikes him.*

Sir Jac. Oh fie, Molly.

Mrs Sneak. What, are you leagued against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs Sneak. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Look ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once.—Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done: so we will get our honest friend Heel-tap to execute the office: he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-tap!

Heel. What d'ye mean? as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens.*

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *locum tenens.*

Heel. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *locum tenens.*

Sir Jac. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach: Come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Maj. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right: as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now, if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Maj. Sir Jacob, no shoes; a major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

Sneak. What, are all the vomen engaged? Why, then, my *locum tenens* and I will jigg together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Maj. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stained my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield.

Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber, as the field.

[*Exeunt.*

THE LYAR;

A

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir James Elliot,	*Mr De Camp.*
Old Wilding,	*Mr Powell.*
Young Wilding,	*Mr Dwyer.*
Papillion,	*Mr Wewitzer.*
Miss Grantham,	*Miss Mellon.*
Miss Godfrey,	*Mrs Gunning.*
Kitty,	*Miss Tidswell.*

THE LYAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Young* WILDING'S *Lodgings.*

Young WILDING *and* PAPILLION *discovered.*

Y. Wild. And am I now, Papillion, perfectly equipp'd?

Pap. Personne mieux. Nobody better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait a peindre.

Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My address?

Pap. Parisiene.

Y. Wild. My hat sits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit?

Pap. Ah, bien autre chose.

Y. Wild. Why, then, adieu Alma Mater, and bien venue la ville de Londre; farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern bills, with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah, bravo! bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du pays. This town is a new

world to me: my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoke of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? Direct my road: where must I begin? But the debate is, I suppose, of consequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Y. Wild. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. Au fait!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well, then, open your lecture:—and, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here, then, I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild, Hey, Papillion?

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? Why you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But, like a native!

Pap. To be sure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir: whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman. I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, major, minor, and consequence. What! do you think, Sir, that, whilst you was busy at Oxford, I was idle? No, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but, notwithstanding your pleasantry, I must have this matter explain'd.

Pap. So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be in such a hurry. You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

Y. Wild. Why, then, prythee unlock it.

Pap. Immediately. But, by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint. You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters: every body there, Sir, knows that Dr Mussy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christ-church; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons, are feign'd.

Y. Wild. A useful observation.

Pap. Why, now, Sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man, from whose decent sable dress, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of *A dish of coffee for Dr Julap,* you would suppose him to be a physician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know *diascordium* from *diachylon.* An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal periwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure, too, it is odds but you will encounter, from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every ac-

tion since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming table, and bully to a bawdy house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner, too,—in the round-house.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practise smuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

Y. Wild. In the last list I presume you roll.

Pap. Just my situation.

Y Wild. And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimsical transformation?

Pap. A very harmless one, I promise you. I would only avail myself at the expence of folly and prejudice.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, Sir—But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y Wild. Prythee do.

Pap. Why then, you are to know, Sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stock'd.

Y. Wild. But to the point: Why this disguise? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y Wild. Explain.

Pap In an instant; upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed

herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why, I thought acuteness of discernment and depth of knowledge were necessary to accomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir; but not a monthly one. Our method was very concise. We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scattered through as many periods, effectually does the business; as, "laudable design, happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument." If we are to decry, then we have, "unconnected, flat, false, illiberal, stricture, reprehensible, unnatural." And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A short recipe!

Pap. And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary. These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is the same thing.

Y Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves: our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings-a-week and my small bee Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh, half-starved me.

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose. Some

would have me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to player,—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family; and so I resolved to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wisely resolved.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Many a weary step have I taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I was too young; here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was awkward, there I was knowing: Madam disliked me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next: so that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way, that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over threepenny-worth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar in St Ann's. My little foreign friend pursed up his lanthorn jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse: to thrive here, you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur?" "Taisez vous: keep a your tongue. Autrefois I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dress: den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, vil fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determined to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long quieu, and broken English, was a passe-partout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my secret. If I should be so unfortunate as to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquisate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Allons.

Pap. But don't stare, Sir: survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience,

upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it so very well.

Y. Wild. Prythee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't say that; no no: only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift; that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attached to matter of fact—And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, Sir, in this town, people are more smoky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses; and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you

find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away. [*Exit.*

Pap. I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he is as unembarrassed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure, he is a great master: it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service. I think the government should employ him to answer the Moniteur. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monsieur Talleyrand, at his own weapons. [*Exit,*

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter Miss GRANTHAM, *Miss* GODFREY, *and Servant.*

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens; for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the Countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning.—My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! Why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning.—Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park?—forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why, the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? —ha, ha!—well, that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: you are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a song at an

opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, halooing to a pretty fellow 'cross the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Turkish ambassador?

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency, child, is a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas. You are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost: I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey?—Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd spot: but you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. I am determined, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[*Exit Miss* GODFREY.

Enter Young WILDING *with* PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Your Ladyship's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concerned at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour, in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, Madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance: to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have served in America, then?

Y. Wild. Full four years, Ma'am; and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miss the occasion.—You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But

that's a trifle; sieges, now-a-days, are reduced to certainties. It is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation. For instance, now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expense?"

"Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

M. Gr. And you should be near the mark!

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confined: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ecus of the Continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off!—Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations; and I had the first honour of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And so young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt and a scalping-knife Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military-dance, with a short specimen of their warhoop?

Pap. For Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I return'd to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you. Then was the victor vanquished:

what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant atchieved; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquished world.

M. Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover. But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. [*Aside.*]——Well, Sir, I accept the tendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild, Slave to your will, I live but to obey you. But, may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

M. Gr. Sir?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I——

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What. you are caught? ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Y. Wild. Poh! I'll soon re-establish my credit But I must know who this girl is. Hark ye, Papilion; could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try. [*Exit.*

[WILDING *retires to the back of the stage.*

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT *and Servant.*

Sir Ja. Music and an entertainment?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Last night, upon the water?

Serv. Upon the water, last night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it?

Serv. That, Sir, I can't say.

To them WILDING.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your most devoted.

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seem'd upon an interesting subject?

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir Ja. A young lady regaled last night by her lover on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir Ja. A band of music in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers?

Sir Ja. The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After supper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the last well design'd?

Sir Ja. Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a single faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir Ja. I can't even guess.

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi——me.

Pap. So, so, so; he's entered again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir——

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy.

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I shall curb your impertinence.—but since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I shall hear it with pleasure——This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival. [*Aside.*

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between six and seven my goddess embark'd at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing. The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well timed, and, what was better, well taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, French-horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the new bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for

an elegant desert in Dresden China, by Robinson. Here the repast closed with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature!

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success—For the present, you will excuse me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occasion. [*Exit.*

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

Pap. Those ornamental reveries, those frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flams.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, Sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, Sir; I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing—Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and, consequently the strength, of my passion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a soldier?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, do'st think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, Sir——

Y. Wild. No, no; the sçavoir vivre is the science for them; the man of war is their man: they must be taken, like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, cohorns, and covert ways; then enter sword in hand, pell mell! Oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swapinback, Count Rousomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustenburg! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller; but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir; this is all very lively: but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think so, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And so along after the lady—[*Stops short, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to Cardigan.

[*Exeunt separately.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Tavern.*

Young Wilding *and* Papillion *rising from Table.*

Y. Wild. Gad, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing, for I saw him join Sir James Elliot: so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Y. Wild. Why then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: prythee, who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I saw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What! whether she will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, Sir.

Y. Wild. Oh! I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way; solder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he dress'd?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Show him up. [*Exit Waiter.*

Pap. And what must I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter Old WILDING.

O. Wild. Your servant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You have just prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have scarce been six hours.

O. Wild. Come, come; I am better informed.

Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are imposed upon. This gentleman (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the Marquis de Chatteau Brilliant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he speak English?

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir——

O. Wild. Any services, Sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honneur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I say, Sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you, that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing. I was at the same time inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfered with a favourite scheme of my own.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monsieur le Marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you please?

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes; I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reason.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is upon the whole a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent?

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford: he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that, at the last Hereford assize, a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O. Wild. A strange turn!

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences, there is no repeating after him.

Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of fireworks, and the Lord-knows-what? And I dare swear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis!

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You see, Sir, Sir——

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional lyars.

Y. Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is yours. [*Aside.*

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

Y. Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend: besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

O. Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I shall attend your commands; but where?

O. Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble.

[*Exit Old* WILDING.

Y. Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is dispatch'd, I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously managed :—but are not you afraid of the consequence ?

Y. Wild. I don't comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarrass : but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y. Wild. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I positively will. Why, this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already.[*Aside.*]—Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the meerest dull matter-of-fact fellow—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

Pap. Godfrey; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth : she lives near Miss Grantham, by Grosvenor-square.

Y. Wild. A governor!—Oh ho!—Bushels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return : I will hasten to finish my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y. Wild. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, Sir?

Y. Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Miss* GRANTHAM'S *House.*

Enter Miss GRANTHAM *and Miss* GODFREY.

M. God. And you really like this gallant spark?

M. Gr. Prodigiously! Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town. A young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way into the best of company.

M. God. By way of amusement, he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't surely have any serious designs upon him?

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

M. Gr. Oh, no!

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverse! a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

M. God. My dear?

M. Gr. Why, I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other! so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs: If I should not like this man – if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I shall be never at a loss.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present placed out your love?

M. Gr. Three: the sober Sir James Elliot; the new-America-man; and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr Wilding?

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw, college cub! Though, upon second thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Show him in. [*Exit Servant.*]—You need not go, my dear; we have no particular business.

M. God. I wonder, now, what she calls particular business.

Enter Old WILDING.

O. Wild. Ladies, your servant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

M. Gr. Your son is in town then?

O. Wild. He came last night, Ma'am; and though but just from the university, I think I may venture to affirm with as little the air of a pedant as——

M. Gr. I don't, Mr Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father is to me the strongest recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M. Gr. But, Sir, I have something to say—

O. Wild. Pray, Madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

M. Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience, I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very censorious world; a young woman can't be too much on her guard; nor should I choose to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability—

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

M. Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight. I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I understand you, Madam: you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Now there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

M. God. Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter for you, Madam. [*To Miss* GODFREY.] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [*To Miss* GRANTHAM.]

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he wont stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the dismals: what can be the matter now?

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

M. Gr. Cold! why, Sir, I hope I didn't sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, were a sufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now? [*Aside.*

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however. But for the son, you never——

M. Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really!

M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely supported! Now Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does

not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder!—what, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose?

Sir Ja. Admirably rallied! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to last night's transactions.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Sir Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surprising!

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M. Gr. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer?

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M. Gr. But his name?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding!—that is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at last; and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

M. Gr. Look ye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answered your purpose.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchless insolence! As you can't ex-

pect that I should be prodigiously pleased with the subject of this visit, you wont be surprised at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. [*Going*]—But, Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduced, if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone!

M. God. But are you sure that your method to multiply may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves?

M. Gr. Impossible!—Why, can't you discern that this flam of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat?

M. God. And you never saw Wilding!

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is some mystery in this. I have, too, here in my hand, another mortification that you must endure.

M. Gr. of what kind?

M. God. A little allied to the last: it is from the military spark you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God, Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why, you did not see him.

M. God. But it seems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruse it?—" Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterscarp—eyes—artillery—death—the stranger." It is address'd to you.

M. God. I told you so.

M Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain. But why do you think it was so impossible?

M. Gr. And do you positively want a reason?

M. God. Positively.

M. Gr. Why, then, I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M. Gr. Why, can glasses flatter?

M. God. I can't say I think that necessary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion: time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to serve you; for indeed, child, there is no quality so insufferable in a young woman as self-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you Miss. [*Exit Miss* Godfrey.] Pert thing!—She grows immoderate ugly. I always thought her awkward, but she is now an absolute fright.

M. God. (*within*) Miss, Miss Grantham, your hero's at hand.

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live the very individual stranger!

M. Gr. No sure!—Oh Lord let me have a peep!

M. God. It is he!—it is he!—it is he! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter Old WILDING, *Young* WILDING, *and* PAPILLION.

O. Wild. There, Marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much great quantity—Oh, Jack, look at that corner house: how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well; but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The mistress, you rogue you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don t see that: you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild. Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you dissapprove of yourself?

O. Wild. Why sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then resolved?

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Positively?

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No prayers—

O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? [*Aside.*]—But suppose, Sir, there should be an unsurmountable objection?

O. Wild. Oh leave the reconciling that to me: I am an excellent casuist.

Y. Wild. But I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impossible!—I don't understand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed—

O. Wild. Let's hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well.

Y. Wild. I am—

O. Wild. What?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married!

O. Wild. And without my consent ?

Y. Wild. Compell'd; fatally forced. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event !—But rise, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible; I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir ! I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[*To Young* WILDING.]—Dry-a your tears. What can I say, Sir ?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh !—[*Seems to weep.*]

Pap. You see, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortune, sans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel ?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup ; a great deal more.

O. Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abingdon ?

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks ;

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, oh !

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack ! are all my hopes then— Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, Sir ?

Pap. De girl, Sir—[*Aside to Young* WILDING.]—

Who shall I say?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't say, upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition!

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help—[*Aside to Young* WILDING.]—Sir, I am quite a-ground.

O. Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve: some artful hussey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussey?

O. Wild. Or perhaps some common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy!

Y. Wild. I'll step to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O Lord, a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, Sir, of an ancient house and unblemish'd character.

O. Wild. That is something.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

O. Wild. Her name?

Y. Wild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp—I never heard of the name. —But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abingdon. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful—

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modestly observed.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration

of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O. Wild. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O. Wild. What, unobserved by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tyger.

O. Wild. I have observed those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention: he open'd the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand went off by accident: this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And so surprised you!

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but a raw-boned, over-grown clumsy cook-wench struck at my sword with a kitchen poker, broke it in two, and compelled me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your

condition, her beauty, your love, all combined, to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Y. Wild. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse: all I blame you for is your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantham I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth: I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business!

Y. Wild. Most melancholy. [*Exit Old* WILDING.

Pap. I am amazed, Sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Y. Wild. All invention—And were you really taken in!

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing? Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fixt resolution to reform—

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Two letters, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pap. There are two things in my conscience my master will never want;—a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observed, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife: now if I can get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Miss* GODFREY'S *House.*

Miss GRANTHAM *and Miss* GODFREY.

M. God. Upon my word, Miss Grantham, this is but an idle piece of curiosity: you know the man is already disposed of, and therefore——

M. Gr. That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair some mystery that I must and will have explained.

M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance.—You can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

M. Gr. And so you take the fact for granted?

M. God. Have I not his letter?

M. Gr. Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever received.

M. God. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqued at me? the fault is none of mine. I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure: the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too! What, you are setting up for a wit as well as a belle! Why, really Madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

M. Gr. Rival!— admirably rallied! But let me tell you, Madam, this sort of behaviour, Madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall always show a proper resentment to any insult that is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The assignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am!

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair I believe is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam!—then let it wait.—Oh, what that was your scheme! but it wont take Miss: the contrivance is a little too shallow.

M. God. I don't understand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature! So all this insolence was concerted, it seems; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself: but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it.—Fie, Miss; a passion for a married man! I really blush for you.

M. God And I most sincerely pity you.—But curb your choler a little: the inquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well; I am prepared. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

M. God. Most willingly: but he will recollect your voice.

M. Gr. Oh, that is easily altered. [*Enter a Maid, who whispers Miss* GRANTHAM, *and exit.*]—It is he; but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

M. God. Your hood a little forwarder, Miss; you may be known, and then we shall have the language of politeness inflamed to proofs of a violent passion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiously cautious.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Young WILDING.

Y. Wild. This rendezvous is something in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guitar. At present, I presume the custom is confined to the great: but it will descend; and in a couple of months I shall not be surprized to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rousing at midnight a milliner's prentice, with an *Ally, Ally Croker*. But that, if I mistake not, is the temple; and see my goddess herself. Miss Godfrey!

[*Miss* GRANTHAM *appears at the Balcony.*

M. Gr. Hush!

Y. Wild. Am I right, Miss?

M. Gr. Softly. You received my letter I see, Sir.

Y. Wild. And flew to the appointment with more—

M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

Y. Wild. How, Madam?

M. Gr. Oh, by no means, Sir; for though I own your figure is pleasing, and your conversation——

M. God. Hold, Miss; when did I ever converse with him? [*from within.*]

M. Gr. Why, did not you see him in the Park?

M. God. True, Madam; but the conversation was with you.

M. Gr. Bless me! you are very difficult. I say,

Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character—

Y. Wild. My character!

M. Gr. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

Y. Wild. I hope not.

M. Gr. Your name is Wilding.

Y. Wild. How the deuce came she by that!—True, Madam.

M. Gr. Pray, have you never heard of a Miss Grantham?

Y. Wild. Frequently.

M. Gr. You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady? Now mind, Miss.

Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honour to have a small design upon me.

M. God. I hear every word, Miss.

M. Gr. But you need not lean so heavy upon me; he speaks loud enough to be heard.—I have been told, Sir, that—

Y. Wild. Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by the lady herself.

M. Gr. Sir!

Y. Wild. Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantham, which must be discharged in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

Y. Wild. Why, the lady, finding an old humble servant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you———

M. God. Have a care; you will betray yourself.

Y. Wild. Oh, the whole story will afford you infinite diversion; such a farrago of sights and feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

M. God. So! what, that story was yours; was it?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, don't I hear another voice?

M. Gr. A distant relation of mine.—Every syllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abingdon?

Y. Wild. Miss Grantham again. Yes, Madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

M. Gr. You have? Well, Sir, and that being the case, how could you have the assurance—

Y. Wild. A moment's patience, Ma'am.—That lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

M. Gr. How, Sir; no bar!

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Ma'am; for that lady exists in idea only.

M. Gr. No such person!

Y. Wild. A mere creature of the imagination.

M. Gr. Indeed!

Y. Wild. The attacks of Miss Grantham were so powerfully enforced, too, by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

M. Gr. You are not married, then?—But what credit can I give to the professions of a man, who in an article of such importance, and to a person of such respect———

Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey should not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasion'd. Could any other motive, but the fear of losing her, prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so inviolably observed?

M. Gr. What laws, Sir?

Y. Wild. The sacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

M. Gr. There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite violence. But, when the whole of the affair is discovered, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Gran-

tham? The violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy——

Y. Wild. Are nothing to a mind resolved.

M. Gr. Poor Miss Grantham!

Y. Wild. Do you know her, Madam?

M. Gr. I have heard of her; but you, Sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate footing?

Y. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

M. Gr. Very well?—Her shape?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curzon esteemed the best stay-maker for people inclined to be crooked?

M. Gr. But as to the qualities of her mind; for instance, her understanding?

Y. Wild. Uncultivated.

M. Gr. Her wit?

Y. Wild. Borrowed.

M. Gr. Her taste?

Y. Wild. Trifling.

M. Gr. And her temper?

Y. Wild. Intolerable.

M. Gr. A finish'd picture. But come, these are not your real thoughts: this is a sacrifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

Y. Wild. My honest sentiments: and, to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the Grand Seignior's seraglio.—Now, Madam, I hope you are satisfied.

M. Gr. And you would not scruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

Y. Wild. The first opportunity.

M. Gr. That I will take care to provide you.—Dare you meet me at her house?

Y. Wild. When?

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. But won't a declaration of this sort appear odd at—a—

M. Gr. Come, no evasion; your conduct and character seem to me a little equivocal, and I must insist on this proof at least of——

Y. Wild. You shall have it.

M. Gr. In half an hour?

Y. Wild. This instant.

M. Gr. Be punctual.

Y. Wild. Or may I forfeit your favour.

M. Gr. Very well; till then, Sir, adieu.—Now I think I have my spark in the toil; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article——Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. So I am now, I think, arrived at a critical period. If I can but weather this point——But why should I doubt it? it is in the day of distress only that a great man displays his abilities. But I shall want Papillion? where can the puppy be?

Enter PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. So, Sir, where have you been rambling?

Pap. I did not suppose you would want—

Y. Wild. Want!—you are always out of the way. Here have I been forced to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a single soul to vouch for the truth of them.

Pap. Lord, Sir, you know—

Y. Wild. Don't plague me with your apologies; but it is lucky for you that I want your assistance. Come with me to Miss Grantham's.

Pap. On what occasion?

Y. Wild. An important one: but I'll prepare you as we walk.

Pap. Sir, I am really—I could wish you would be so good as to—

Y. Wild. What, desert your friend in the heat of battle! Oh, you poltroon!

Pap. Sir, I would do any thing, but you know I have not talents.

Y. Wild. I do; and for my own sake shall not task them too high.

Pap. Now I suppose the hour is come when we shall pay for all.

Y. Wild. Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted— But come, Papillion, this shall be your last campaign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, and remember, *Sub auspice Teucro nil desperandum.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Miss* GRANTHAM'S *House.*

Enter a Servant, conducting in Old WILDING.

Ser. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately: Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him? [*Exit Ser.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkshire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir.

O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, Baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My son Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he married?

O. Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far; but to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has!

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance; going to your new purchase at Abingdon—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the assembly—their private interviews—surprised by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your son?

O. Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wish you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?

O. Wild. Doubtless.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

O. Wild. Why so?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be easily jointured.

O. Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir Ja. No provision necessary for younger children.

O. Wild. No, Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke——

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

O. Wild. You are merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage—

O. Wild. Well, Sir!

Sir Ja. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir?

Sir Ja. Even so.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are forestall'd; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss GRANTHAM.

M. Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more at present, Sir: I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

M. Gr. How, Sir James Elliot! I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right—

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my son unfortunately being married already.

M. Gr. Married!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserved for another occasion; but you, it seems—

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business!—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam!

M. Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible?

M. Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be?

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my consent. An abandon'd profligate! was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr Wilding hard-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity.—

O. Wild. How, Madam, a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr Wilding to wait upon you, Madam.

[*Exit.*

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, whom I shrewdly suspect he has, by some odd accident, mistaken for me; the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction.—Kitty?

Enter KITTY.

Let John show Mr Wilding in to his father; then come to my dressing-room; I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit* KITTY. The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees.

[*Exit Miss* GRANTHAM *and Sir* JAMES.

O Wild. This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

Y. Wild (*speaking as he enters.*)—People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion.—My father here!——that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here?

Y. Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantham, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate——

O Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my

daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Y. Wild. The devil it shall! [*Aside.*]—Not quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

O. Wild. No! Why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?

Y. Wild. She is big with child, Sir.

O. Wild. An audacious——Big with child!—that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

O. Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discover'd the secret?

Y. Wild. By all means, Sir; it will make him extremely happy.

O. Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Y. Wild. Abingdon, Berkshire.

O. Wild. True; but his address?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourself, Sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclosed.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. [*Going.*

Y. Wild. So, I have parried that thrust.

O. Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios——No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurried, that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild. I am sure so have I. [*Aside.*]—His name —his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins!

Y. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before: that, if I recollect, was either Sypthorp or Sybthorp.

Y. Wild. You are right, Sir; that is his paternal appellation: but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's; so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorp: and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorp Hopkins.

O. Wild. There is no end of this: I must stop him at once. Hark ye, Sir; I think you are called my son?

Y. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

O. Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of descending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir——

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtained that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occurr'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the

imputation of a lie demands; and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O. Wild. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions.

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly sacrificed in defence of your fame: but perhaps that was your intention; and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For heaven's sake, Sir!

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild. To be again imposed on! No, Jack; my eyes are opened at last.

Y. Wild. By all that's sacred, Sir—

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your delusions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir. I own the Abingdon business—

O. Wild. An absolute fiction.

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you——

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms——

O. Wild. So!—what, here's another marriage trumped out? but that is a stale device. And, pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come,

go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, *in nubibus*——

Y. Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

O. Wild. And her name—

Y. Wild. Godfrey.

O. Wild. The friend of Miss Grantham?

Y. Wild. The very same, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has she favoured your address?

Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O. Wild. Look ye, Sir, as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey; am intimate with her family; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts; if I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Y. Wild. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*

Enter PAPILLION.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y. Wild. What do they want?

Pap. You, Sir.

Y. Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave?

Pap. Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y. Wild. Prythee, are you mad! There must be some mistake; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings; but Mr Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you lived. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of Claret, ditto Champaigne, Frontiniac Sweetmeats, Pine-apples: the whole amount is 372l 9s besides music and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they say they have gone full as lo as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from th great satisfaction you expressed to Sir James Ellio that you would throw them in an additional compli ment.

Y. Wild. Hark ye, Mr Papillion, if you don't ceas your impertinence, I shall pay you a complimen that you would gladly excuse.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere ma ter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at inver tion; though this incident, I can't help thinking, the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you serious? is this possible?

Pap. Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrained their impatience: but, however, I have dispatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you.

y father has got to the bottom of the whole Abing-on business.

Pap. The deuce!

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey!

Y. Wild. Who else?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fixt.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter Old WILDING.

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth: the young lady is not averse to your union; but, in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract, which you are both to sign.

Y. Wild. With transport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed!

Y. Wild. Am not I happy, fortunate?——But they come.

Enter Old WILDING *and Miss* GODFREY.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him.———There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your ure behaviour testify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified!—Wh don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady!—That lady?

O. Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady?—To Miss Godfrey.

Y. Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey?

O. Wild. What is all this?—Hark ye, Sir, I see what you are at; but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Recollect my last resolution; this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be sure——

O. Wild. No further evasions! There, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho! [*Signs it.*]

O. Wild. Very well. Now Madam, your name i you please.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question indeed! Don't you, Sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be saved.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A young lady begs to speak with Mr Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me?

M. God. A young lady with Mr Wilding!

Ser. Seems distrest, madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! There may be something in this. You must permit me, sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O. Wild. How, sir, who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How should I?

O. Wild. You hear, Madam.

M. God. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the least, Madam.

M. God. Show her in, John. [*Exit Servant.*

O. Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him: he can't be so abandon'd as to——But she is here. Upon my word, a sightly woman.

Enter KITTY as *Miss* SYBTHORP.

Kit. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life—my—

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kit. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look! no tender word to hail our second meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love!

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Hark ye, Sir, unriddle this mystery.

Y. Wild. *Davus, non Œdipus sum:* It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

Kit. Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slighted?

O. Wild. Hold!—let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You seem to be pretty familiar here,—Do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please?

Kit. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding!

O. Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kit. Most lawfully, Sir: by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

O. Wild. What, married to him?

Kit. Most true.

Omnes. How?

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never—

O. Wild. Peace, monster!—One question more: your maiden name?

Kit. Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kit. The same.

O. Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's—

O. Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless lyar!

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman—Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging; and so get out as well as you can. Meantime I'll shift for myself. [*Exit.*

O. Wild. What evasion now, monster?

M. God. Deceiver!

O. Wild. Lyar!

M. God. Impostor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly imposed upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been sud-

denly surprised into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your own request?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kit. Am not I your wife?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kit. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Answer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I

Y. Wild. No, no, n ;
and if I stay, I shall

Enter Sir JAMES I

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha

M. Gr. Finely per

O. Wild. You have
Madam.

M

as I; for you must own, he has a very promising person.

Flo. Psha! I don't think of his person.

Bet. If any other woman thought half so much of it, you would pull her commode for her.

Flo. Pooh! But I mean I am afraid you are not sincere in your advice; and that if I should trust you with any design of that nature, you would discover it to my uncle.

Bet. Ah! but if I were to live with you, and have my wages raised, after you married—I know whose suspicion does me a great deal of wrong.

Flo. Swear then to be true, and I will trust you. But, dear Betty, be out of the fashion for once, and keep your oath; I'll tell you why I so earnestly intreat you.

AIR III. *I, who once was great, now little am grown.*

Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on,
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.
For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame;
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;
A lawyer to truth; a statesman from blame;
Or a patriot-heart in a courtier.

Bet. Here then, I swear, by all my hopes and perquisites; by the sweet profits of my place in view, and double wages in reversion; by your laced shoes too big, and those too little; by the silk gown you'll give me at your wedding; by all your mantuas, heads, hoops, short hoods and cloaks, and as I hope your last blue atlas never will be worn again! I swear——

Flo. That you will inviolably keep my secrets, and assist me to your utmost in running away with Mr Friendly.

Bet. I swear.

Flo. Then I will trust you; and when I'm married, Betty, every article of your oath shall be made good to you—Look here then, here's a letter I had just written to Mr Friendly, wherein I've promised, at twelve o'clock to-night to be upon the mount in the garden; and if he will take care to meet me on t'other side, and set a ladder against the wall, I'll toss over my band-box, venture catching cold in the dew, and take my fortune with him.

Bet. There's mettle in the proposal, Madam—Let's see the letter; he shall have it in a quarter of an hour, though I carry it myself.

Flo. But I won't venture neither, unless his answer tells he'll be ready—So, dear Betty, be careful; I have no mortal to trust but thee.

Bet. And no mortal fitter to be trusted. [*Exit.*

Flo. So, now my heart's at ease——I find my resolution's good at the bottom; and since I have set my head upon running away, 'tis not my old uncle nor the garden-wall shall stop me, though he were as wise as a bishop, and the wall as high as a church-steeple.

AIR IV.—*Man in imagination.*

Though my uncle strives to immure me,
My lover's voice shall lure me
To leap from the mount o'er the garden-wall,
And fly this hated place.

Oh, a tedious day to me 'tis;
But when Sol's in the arms of his Thetis,
Swift as a roe (at my hero's call)
I'll elude my hunter's chace.

Ah!——

Enter Sir THOMAS TESTY.

Sir Tho. How now, Mrs Irreverence! Am I such a hobgoblin that you start at the sight of me?

Flo. Sir, I did not think any harm: but when you come upon one unawares——

Sir Tho. Unawares! What! I surprised you then? Your head was full of other matters, which I suppose, that close committee of the flesh and the devil have absolutely resolved to be the fundamentals of your constitution.

AIR V. *As I was walking through Hyde-Park.*

When a girl fifteen years does attain,
Love's follies invading her brain,
Her virtue's held by a slight rein.
For equipage, hurry, and noise,
Gay clothing, and such female toys,
She'll forego more substantial joys.
To a feather or powdered toupee
Her heart soon a captive would be.
To keep such a one chaste, we must lock her up fast:
That maxim best pleases me.

Flo. Lord, Sir, how strangely you talk to one!

Sir Tho. Talk! you mal-apert: why, who should talk to you but I? Whom am I, hussy? who am I?

Flo. You are my uncle by relation, my guardian by my father's will, and my jailor against mine.

Sir Tho. Then while you are my prisoner, hussy, how dare you take such liberty?

Flo. Because liberty, Sir, is the sweetest thing a prisoner can take.

Sir Tho. Don't you think in your conscience now, mistress, you deserve to be locked up?

Flo. I think in my conscience you ought to let me marry, since I've a mind to't.

Sir Tho. Provoking! Dare you own this to my face?

Flo. Why, Sir, is't a fault? You have kept me in prison for these ten months, and I did not know but my confessing it might deserve a little of your mercy.

Sir Tho. Astonishing! The devil has harden'd you, hussy! you are a sight! Go, go to your chamber; people will stare at you; I would not have you seen abroad in this condition for——O Lord! your brain's turn'd! You shall bleed, mistress; I'll have your room darken'd: Water-gruel, discipline and water-gruel, ye gods!

Flo. Look'e, uncle, I find you have a mind to drive me to a hard bargain; therefore, to let you see that I am no hagler, I'll make you an offer which shall fairly come up to the most you can make of me—— As thus—

Sir Tho. What new distraction hast thou got in thy head now?

Flo. Hear me. You know I have 8000 l. to my fortune, and that by my father's will you are to be allow'd the whole interest of it, till I am either married or of age, to reimburse your expences in maintaining me; which said maintenance, by a modest computation, may stand you in—let me see—about seven or eight pounds a-year, (for I have no clothes but my mother's.)—Now Sir, if you'll immediately give me the liberty of marrying the man I have a mind to, I'll engage he shall consent to the throwing of my fortune into the public funds, the minute you throw me into his arms. So you shall have the use of my pence till I am of age, as a premium for advancing to him the use of my person.

Sir Tho. Hum! The girl begins to talk sensibly— But 'tis not yet proper to understand her——Look'e, child, when you have persuaded your lover to make the same proposal under his hand, I shall then believe you are equally mad to come at one another—In the mean time, let me advise you to your chamber, from whence I will allow you the lovely prospect of the garden. [*Exit.*

Flo. You may chance to fret for this, my very wise uncle. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Garden-wall.*

Enter FRIENDLY *and Servant.*

Fri. What a watchful old rogue is this!

Ser. A very dragon, Sir.

Fri. To use a young creature so unmercifully.

Ser. Nay, Sir, so uncivilly.

Fri. How, Sirrah?

Ser. To force her to such extremities, to make her straddle over a great wall, and risk her neck down a ladder at midnight, when he ought to lend her his hand into a coach and six, and out of his great gate at noon day, to come to you, Sir. But the rascal has no breeding.

Fri. By Mercury, I'll be even with him.

Ser. You have reason, Sir; for though I say it—

Fri. That should not say it—

Ser. She is a lovely piece of temptation, Sir.

Fri. What's o'clock, sirrah?

Ser. By the moon's rising, I believe it may be about, a—past ten.

Fri. Then, sirrah, about—past twelve—

Ser. You'll have one of her blue silk stockings straddling over the wall, Sir—

AIR VI. *At past one o'clock, and a cold frosty morning.*

FRIENDLY *sings.*

At past twelve o'clock, and a fine summer's morning,
When all in the village sleep pleasantly,
Cynthia's bright beams all nature adorning,
Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she.
Then my fair Flora, fraught with kind wishes,
I'll fold in my arms, with amorous kisses,
Which serve as preludes to more solid blisses—
Soon as the vicar has made us one.

But where's the country fellow you promised should carry my answer to her letter?

Ser. Who, Hob, Sir? Here he is; and if any suspects his face for a pimp's, I have no skill in the science, Sir.

Enter HOB.

Fri. Well, Hob, canst thou carry this letter to Si[r] Thomas Testy's house for me?

Hob. Zir, yes.

Fri. Do so, and give it to Madam Flora; but take care nobody sees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Zir—But must I carry it to-night?—'Tis main dark.

Fri. You must go immediately.

Hob. I hope, Zir, there's no difference between you and Zir Tomas?

Fri. Why dost hope so?

Hob. Why truly, Zir, I do hear there be; and therefore I don't care to meddle or make between friends, for 'tis but an unthankful office; and you know Zir Tomas is very crusty, and if he does but zuspect that I shaud conzarn mysel, mayhap he may take the law of me; and you knaw, Zir, that law is a vrightful thing.

AIR VII. *She got money by the bargain.*

The terrible law, when it fastens its paw
 On a poor man, it gripes till he's undone;
And what I am doing may turn to my ruin,
 Though rich as the Lord Mayor of London.
Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,
 Unless we first make a zure bargain!
I will be 'demnify'd, throughly satisfy'd,
 That ch'am shant zuffer a varding.

Fri. Pish, the law shall never trouble thee; I'll secure thee from any harm.

Hob. Very well, Zir, very well; that's as much as I can desire; but pray, don't take unkindly what I say; for you know no man is willing to bring himzel into a primunire if he con help it.

Fri. No, no—Prithee be gone.

Hob. I will, Zir, I will—for—for—Pray, Zir, be pleas'd to read the zuperscription for me.

Fri. S'death, how I am tortur'd with this foolish fellow, and I can send nobody else without being suspected—Don't trouble thyself with the superscription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Zir, very good—'Tis main dark —would it not do as well, Zir, if I should carry it in the morning? I had rather go in the morning.

Fri. Why so?

Hob. Why truly, Zir, I'll tell you: at the lower end of Zir Tomas's orchard, one of our poor neighbours being in a disparaging condition, has gone and hang'd himzel—Now there is zome do zay that he walks by night in zeveral zorts of shapes.

Fri. What, and so you are afraid, are you?

Hob. No, indeed, Zir, ch'am not afraid—I thank marcy, I defy the devil and all his works.

Fri. A pox on thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Though I must tell you, I have a great concait he will appear to me,—vor you must know, to morrow the crowner's quest is to zit upon him, whereof, d'ye zee, I'm to be one; and who knows but he may have zomething upon his spirits that may make him break his mind to me: and if zo, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad day for zomebody—vor, if Sir Tomas had kept his fences whole, mayhap this man had ne'er been tempted to ha' gone into his ground to ha' hang'd himzel. But be that as it will, I'll do your business vor you; therefore pray take you no care, Zir——

Fri. Prithee about it then.

Hob. Ay, ay, I'll warrant you, don't trouble yourzel no vurder—vor if I zay I'll do't, Ill do't, that's my humour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Wood and Garden Wall.*

Enter Sir THOMAS *and Servants.*

Sir Tho. 'Twill be a hard matter to sink any of the principal, indeed; so that, could the girl make good the proposal, I would not care how soon she were kiss'd black in the face; but should I give her the least liberty upon't, 'tis possible, when she has made use on't, her conscience might desire to be off. And I dare swear her lover will spare neither care nor cost to come at her without my consent; and gold in particular has a prevailing influence in a love-affair; therefore I must watch my ward myself—Servants may be corrupted.

AIR VIII. *We'll learn to be merry and wise.*

To guard my Hesperian tree
Requires more care than of old;
That was robb'd by a half deity,
And without the assistance of gold.
But, in this age, gold softens the mind,
A governante's tongue 'twill lay mute,
Charm prudes, make a coy virgin kind,
Whilst a lover (with ease) steals the fruit.

D'ye hear, rascals! look sharp; for this is the usual hour that your soft sighing rogues run a caterwauling.

Ser. Sir! Sir! yonder's somebody with a light coming down the field.

Sir Tho. Stand still then, and observe.

Enter HOB, *whistling.*

Hob. Zo, this is the house—now let me see—how shall I go about to do this zame bûsiness?——If that old fox, Zir Thomas, shou'd 'spy me, he'd maul me vor zartain——But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough for him, I'll warrant ye—If he zees me, he must have more eyes than two.——Hold, hold, now let me zee for this same letter—O, here it is——For Madam Flo——Flo——Madam Flora.

Sir Tho. Where are you carrying this letter, friend? [*Sir Tho. snatching it.*

Hob. Letter, Zir?

Sir Tho. Letter, Sir! ay, letter, Sir! who did you bring it from?

Hob. Bring it vrom, Zir? I brought it from nobody, not I.

Sir Tho. How came you by it?

Hob. By it, Zir? I did not buy it; why, I vound it in my pocket, Zir.

Sir Tho. Found it in your pocket!—What, did it grow there then, ha? Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, Zir? I dan't know where cha'am going with it, not I.

Sir Tho. What do you here at this time o'night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, not I—I'll go home, Zir, if you please—I wish you a good night.

Sir Tho. Hold, hold, a little, friend; let me reward you first for bringing, however.

Hob. Not a varthing, Zir; indeed, I must not take one varthing, for Maister Friendly charg'n me to th' contrary; therefore, pray, dan't offer it.

Sir Tho. O, did he so?—— But something I will give you, however; Pray take that, and that, sirrah. [*Beats him.*

Hob. O Lard! O Lard! what de ye strik'n vor? avore Gad, I'll take the law of you, zee an I don't —what, do you go to murder me?

Sir Tho. I'll law you, you rogue—are you their letter-carrier? there's more for you, sirrah.

Hob. Bear witness, bear witness, zee an you dan't pay for this. O Lard! O Lard!

Sir Tho. Here, sirrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the letter. Let's see—" To Mrs Flora"— right.

"The proposal you mention, in case of extremity, will certainly do; but it will be a much pleasanter

piece of justice to bite him for his barbarity. *(A son of a whore, he means me to be sure.)* The ladder, and all things, shall be ready exactly at twelve to-night *(Oons!)* If you have any thing farther of moment, this fellow is honest, and will convey it safe to your eternal lover,

"TOM FRIENDLY."

Yes, yes, I find he is honest, with a pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly—Here, desire that honest gentleman to walk down to the bottom of that well—And let him stay there 'till I call for him.

Hob. I con't do it, as I hope to be zav'd I con't, pray vorbear, and don't murder an innocent man.

[*Falls on his knees.*

AIR IX. *My father he left me a wealthy estate.*

Sings. I never till now was conzarn'd in strife;
Have mercy, Sir Thomas, and spare poor Hob's life;
And give me my vreedom, as I had bevore—
I'll be a good boy, and I'll do zo no more.

Indeed I won't——

Sir Tho. In with him, I say——

Hob. O Lard! Maister Jonathan, I vorewarn you, don't be conzarn'd in this: Consider what you do.

Sir Tho. Oons! in with him.

Hob. You are all principals, there are no 'complishes in murder. Help! Murder!

[*They put him down, and Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

Enter FLORA.

Flo. I heard a strange noise without: I wish things go as they should—My heart beats, as if Mr What-d'ye-call 'em were in my arms.—Well, this love's a terrible thing—Would the worst on't were over, I'm

raid I shall never be able to go through with it—I
n sure here's an odd bustle about it.

Enter BETTY.

Iow now?

Bet. Undone, undone, Madam! Your uncle has tercepted Mr Friendly's letter in answer to yours, nd all your designs are discovered; he raves and tears like a madman, and in his passion he has thrown the poor fellow that brought it into the great well, and swears if any body offers to help him out, without his order, he'll throw them in after him.

Flo. Well, if I am here alive, I thought it would come to nothing—It vexes the heart of me.

Bet. But come, Madam, don't be wholly discouraged; for John tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but he fellow's drown'd.

Flo. Psha! I wish my uncle was drown'd in his oom.

Bet. No, Madam; but he'll be hang'd, and that's as well.

Flo. Do you really think so?

Bet. Poz.

Flo. Then I'll marry in spite of his teeth.

Bet. Right; when he's in one noose, you may slip into t'other.

Flo. Dear Betty, step out and see how 'tis with the fellow, for I'm in a thousand frights; and if things are—you know how—ask when the assizes begin.

[*Exit Betty.*

AIR X. *The lass with the nut-brown hair.*

To forgive, sure, is great,
But revenge for wrongs sweet,
  So for once let resentment prevail.
My guardian relation
Is in a situionta
  Should move a soft breast to beawil;

But his sordid cruelty
Has so perverted me,
I can hear of his death without pain.
When he's swinging in his shoes,
I'll fix my marriage noose,
And (with justice) great Hymen shall reign.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Wood and Garden Wall.*

Enter Old HOB *and his Wife.*

O. Hob. Come, wife, never troubble thyzelf; a wull go a rawging zometimes, and there's an end on't; a wull come home again I warrant 'un.

Wife. I think o' my conscience 'tis no great matter whether he does or no.—A base raugue, to be out of the way at such a busy time as thick is. The zun has been up this hour and quarter, and that grauceless boy, I warrant, has not been a bed yet. Prithee husband, step and zee an he ben't zooting at the park-gate, and I'll draw the water in the mean time.

O. Hob. Do you then. [*Exit.*

Wife. This boy's the plague of my life, I think ——'twere more than time the gammon had been boiled by now. And now the volk will come to the wake bevore he be cold—and then it waun't be vit to be eaten—A jackanapes! when I bid 'en, and beg 'en, and prayed 'en to stay, and he would go—And yet notwithstanding all I have zaid, cou'd I lay eyes on him, I shau'd vorget his roguery, and vorgiv'n.

AIR IX. *The Logan water is so deep.*

Sings. The shepherdess with looks dismay'd,
Because her fav'rite lamb has stray'd,
In angry search her time employs;
But found—that passion's lost in joys.
So will it be with silly me,
When next my truant-boy I see;
My heart pleads strongly on his side,
And I shall rather kiss than chide.

.ere have I been blaming the poor boy for not .inding his business, and at the same time neglect my own; I must haste to wind up the bucket, or I shall have husband back bevore I've drawn a drop of water.

[*Goes to the Well, and sings.*] Did you not hear, &c. Lud, lud, 'tis main heavy—Heyday—I believe old Nick's in the bottom o' the bucket, for my part,—[HOB *cries out.*] Oh, a ghost! a ghost!

[HOB *appears in the bucket; she lets the rope go, and he sinks again.*

Enter Old HOB.

O. Hob. Heyday! what's the matter, with a murrain t'ye? is the woman in her tantrums?

Wife. A ghost! a ghost!—Hob's ghost in the well—ah!——

O. Hob. The woman's turned vool, I think—let me zee; if the devil be in the well, I'll vetch 'en out on't—here's a rout indeed—Wauns! I think the devil be in the bucket—But now I ha.. got 'en half way, I'll knaw what zort of a devil 'tis; and if he ben't a zivil one, I'll zouze 'en and zop 'en in the bottom agen.

Y. Hob. Ah! hau'd vast, vather, 'tis I! 'tis I!

Wife. Ah! 'tis there agen.

O. Hob. Haud your peace, I zay; the devil can't get in a word for you, I think—Who's there? Hob?

Y. Hob. Ay, vor lov's zake pull away, vather.

O. Hob. Prithee lend's thy hond, wife—Bless my eyes! 'tis Hob indeed—What in the name of wonder dost thou here, lad?

Y. Hob. Ah! dan't ask questions now, vather—get me home—Zir Thomas has don't; but if there be law in all the king's kindom, I'll capias 'en vor zartain; I dan't knaw but it may prove the death of me; I'll zue him next hizi-prizis, an't cost me vorty

shillings. I'll zue him, come on't what will—zee I don't make him pay vor't.

AIR XII. *To an Irish tune.* Trio.

Wife. Oh! my poor boy,
O. Hob. His looks are stark wild.
Wife. Cou'd Sir Thomas destroy
O. Hob. So hopeful a child?
Y. Hob. I'll revenge if I con.
Wife. Ah! talk so no more.
Hob. He's a great mon,
O. Hob. and Wife. And we are but poor.
Y. Hob. All you do zay can signify nothing,
I'll capias 'en for't, let cost what it will.
Wife. Go to bed, boy, whilst I get thee dry clothing,
O. Hob. Think thou are taught to return good for ill.
Y. Hob. I'll indict 'en i' th' crown,
And bind o'er to the sessions,
Tho'f I zell my heifer and the auld mare,
Udsblead I'd hang 'en or drown 'en.
O. Hob. Forbear zuch expressions.
Wife. Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.
O. Hob. I'll never vorgive, and will be zevere.

Wife. Oh, poor Hob! come along, child, and I'll get thee a little zugar-zops to comfort thy bowels. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter Sir THOMAS *and Servant.*

Sir Tho. John, what's become of the fellow that fell into the well last night? has any body taken any care of him?

Ser. No, sir; your worship said he should lie there till your worship was pleased to call for him——

Sir Tho. Oons, sirrah, you have not drowned the fellow, have you?

Ser. Who? I drown him, sir! nay, nay, hau'd yee, I am but a servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any mischief should come on't, 'tis you must answer it.—Flesh! what have I to do with it?

Sir Tho. You impudent rogue, would you put your villainies upon me? Did not I see you collar him? did not you lay violent hands upon him, sirrah; and am not I a witness against you?

Ser. Lard! Lard! at this rate, a man had as good be a galley-slave as a servant.—If one don't do as one's bid, one's head's broke; and if one does, one's to be hanged for't:—But come what will, the gallows will hold two, that's the best on't.

Sir Tho. He says true, faith.—Well, well, keep your own counsel, sirrah, and I'll see what I can do to save you.

Ser. Nay, nay, as for that, do you see, do as you see cause,—let it go thick way, or let it go thack way, 'tis all a case to me go which way it will; one good turn will require another.

Sir Tho. Hold your peace, sirrah—and be gone. [*Exit Servant.*]—This surly dog is not to be frighted, I see; I must (as is customary with a man in power) protect this fellow in his roguery for my own sake.

AIR XIII.—*I have left the world as the world found me.*

SIR THOMAS SINGS.

A rogue that is hired
To do what's required,
And ne'er stick at honour or conscience,
To compass his ends,
Will destroy his best friends,
For a villain's sure friendship is nonsense;

Yet still he may laugh,
Well assured he is safe,
And despise all attempts to accuse him,
For his patron oft times
Promoting his crimes,
Must (for self-preservation) excuse him.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Ser. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Sir Tho. Who brought it?

Ser. Mr Friendly's man, Sir.

Sir Tho. Let's see. [*Reads.*

" Sir,—Your niece informs me, that she has made you a proposal concerning our marriage, which I am willing to ratify whenever you please to do me the honour of a meeting.——Yours."

Humph! that meeting may be to meet with my niece, for aught I know. I must have the particulars under his hand before I seem to understand him: Therefore, that I don't understand him, shall be my answer. In the mean time, I'll put on a smoother look to the girl, and show her a little of the country-diversion from the mount in the garden; and if they are in earnest, that good humour will work her to work him up to my price.—Bid the fellow stay till I write him an answer. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Green before Old* Hob's *House, and Garden-wall,*

Enter Old Hob *and Wife.*

Wife. Come, husband, now the boy has got on his dry clothes, let him be stirring a bit: Come, come, make haste, the town will be vull of volk before we shall get vitted.

O. Hob. Don't trouble thyzelf, wife; every thing within doors is ready, and there's nothing wanting but the zign to be put up; and, look ye, that shall be done present.—Hob! Hob!

Y. Hob. [*Within.*] What zay you, vather?

O. Hob. Tap the ale; quick, quick.

Y. Hob. Ay, ay, vather.

O. Hob. There;—now, he that will drink good ale, let him come to the sign of the pot-lid.—Come, wife, let's to our business within. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIENDLY *disguised, Servant, and Country People.*

Fri. If this disguise does not conceal me——

Ser. You'll then be out of countenance to no purpose, Sir:—But pray, Sir, what do you propose by turning ballad-singer?

Fri. I do propose that Flora shall know me by my voice, and that consequently her wits will soon be at work to come at me.

Ser. Well, Sir, but of what use can I be? for I can no more sing than I can fast.

Fri. But you can help to draw other gaping fools about me.

Ser. There's some sense in that, indeed, Sir.

Enter Sir THOMAS, FLORA, *and* BETTY.

Sir Tho. Come, niece, if you must see the pastime, you may have as fair a prospect of it here as in the crowd.

Flo. I like it very well here, Sir.

Fri. Well, ho! this same is entitled,—"An excellent new Ballad in praise of the Country-wake."

Sir Tho. Hark! we shall have a merry ballad.

Flo. Bless my eyes! is not that he, Betty?

Bet. The very he, madam;—but hush.

AIR XIV.

A Ballad.—*Rare doings at Bath.*

Friendly sings.

I'll sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but attention unto me a while,
Of transactions at court, and in country too,
Toilsome pleasures, and pleasing toil.
Accept it (I pray) as your help-mates you take;
To some 'twill give joy,
And some others annoy;
All's fair at a country wake.
All's fair, &c.

At courts we see patriots noble and just,
Fit for employments of honour and power;
But then there are sycophants, unfit for trust,
Blend with the great, and in number are more;
Slaves, who would honour and honesty stake,
With sordid intention,
To get place or pension:
Strange news at a country-wake.
Strange news, &c.

Some ladies at court are styled unpolite,
Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill;
Whilst others who sparkle in diamonds bright,
Are stript of their pride at *basset* or *quadrille*,
Till their losses at play do their lord's credit shake;
Then, their toys to recover,
They'll grant the last favour:
Strange news at a country-wake.
Strange news, &c.

Here most of our gentleman patriots are,
Though very bad statesmen, I freely confess;
They design harm to none—but a fox or a hare,
And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
The farmer's industry does earth fertile make!
The husbandman's ploughing,
His planting and sowing,
Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.
Gets health, &c.

Our girls blooming fair, without washes or paints,
From neighbouring villages hither resort;
They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints,
(Who can say more for the ladies at court?)
No worldly cares vex 'em, asleep or awake;
But their time they improve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth, at the country-wake.
And innocent, &c.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigue;
Here's all fair and open, dark deeds we despise:
Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,
Who chooses the former is happy and wise.
Now let's pray for the king, and, for England's sake,
From all faction free,
May his subjects agree
As well at the court as the country-wake.
As well at the court, &c.

Do you think she knew me?

Ser. Knew you, sir! why, I bought one of your ballads for her, and she tipt the wink upon me, with as much as to say, Desire him not to go till he hears from me.—Suppose, sir, you took a cup of nappy here, to pass away the time a little.

Fri. Call for what you have a mind to.

Ser. Here, house!—

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. Your zarvant, Maister Friendly, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to the vair.

Fri. I thank you, honest Hob.

Hob. I shau'd knaw that gentleman——Maister Richard, I think?

Ser. Ay, Hob; how do'st do?

Hob. O Laird, Maister, haw d'ye do? Come, pray, zit down.—Maister Friendly—Come, pray stay, and drink one pot avore you go.

Fri. Sit down, or this fellow's impertinence will

make us observed. What do'st thou do with an apron on, Hob?

Hob. Adod, I putn't on but just now; vather will do as neighbours do, and every one i'the town almost zells ale vair-day—but now we zell several other sorts of liquors, and wine too, an occasion be.

Fri. Wine!

Hob. Ay, all zorts of wine.

Fri. Say'st thou so? Bring us some claret then.

Hob. Claret, zir! We have no claret; we mun not zell claret, 'tis against the law.——Now you may ha' some o' your port, your red port now, or your white port, or such zort of stuff.

Fri. Such stuff as thou hast then, prithee bring us.

Hob. Yes, zir—Ch'am coming—Now in my mind, zir, what do you think of a little zack; a little zack now, and zome o' your zugar in't is main good.

Fri. Prithee, bring what thou likest best thyself; for I am sure 'twill please no palate but thy own.

[*Exit* HOB.

Ser. Sir, with humble submission, I don't yet discover any great hopes from this same project of yours. Pray, sir, how do you propose to come at the lady?

Fri. While the garden door's shut, and that old dragon is so watchful of the fruit, there are but little hopes indeed. However, I won't quit the place; fortune may yet do something unexpectedly to befriend me.

Enter HOB, *with pots, tobacco, bread, cheese, and sugar.*

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming.——Here, zir——

Fri. Where's the sack, Hob?

Hob. Zack, zir! Odd I dan't knaw, I thought you zaid you had rather have ale.—Ale is indeed much wholesomer for your English stomachs.——For my

art, I'd rather have ale now. Maister Richard, ite a bit avore you drink; come, and in the mean time I'll put a little zugar in the ale, and make it as good as I con for you. Come, zir, against you're dispos'd.

Fri. Thank you, Hob——This fellow's kindness will poison me. [*Aside.*

Ser. Not at this rate of tasting, sir; for he has not left a drop at the bottom.

Hob. Adod, 'tis main good, zir.—Will you have t'other pot, zir?

Fri. No; prithee drink this too; and then fetch us a couple.

Hob. Yes, zir, I will.——Ch'am coming.

[*Exit* HOB.

Sir Tho. Come, my merry countrymen, every man take his lass, and give us a dance or two, and then we'll have the cudgels out.

Count. Yes, a'nt like your worship, we are all ready. Come, Scratch, strike up. [*Dances.*

Enter HOB.

Hob. Ay, marry, zir; well done, Ralph! zet to un, Joan! zet to un——

Wife. (*within.*) Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—Tol, lol— In, Mary——Sides all now——Sides all——

Fri. Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming, Maister.— Tol, lol.

O. Hob. (*within.*) Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming——What a plague ails vather, trow? An old vool! Udsblead, he makes more a noise—Set to now, William—Ah, rarely done! In, Mary; ah, dainty Mary! Turn her about, John—now, now! a murrain! You're quite out—Look, Ralph should ha' cast off; and while John had turn'd Mary about, Tomas shou'd ha' led

up Nan, and Joan met Ralph at bottom agen; mean while, John shou'd have sided with Mary, and then Mary shou'd back to back with Ralph, and then Tomas had come in again in his own place; and so all had been right.—Come, begin again.—Strike up, Scratch. Tol, lol.

O. Hob. (within.) Hob! Hob! Where be ye?

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a devil, can't you be quiet a bit?—Tol, lol.

Enter Old Hob.

O. Hob. Heyday! heyday! This is rare sport. Udsblead, I'll strap you, you base rawg ye—Must you be dauncing here, and your mother and I at work? [*Strikes him.*

Hob. Heydey, what's the matter now? What must I be beat all days o' my life?

O. Hob. You graceless rawg, mind your business then, do; yonder's your poor mother within a scawring and scawring till she sweats, again, and nobody to draw one drop of beer.

Hob. I don't care a varthing—I wont draw a drop more, if you go to that; do your worst, and take your course.

O. Hob. Sirrah, come in, and dan't stand dauncing here, dan't ye.

Hob. I won't go in, zo I won't; if that trouble ye, I will daunce, and daunce agen. Tol, lol, lol—

AIR XV. *Old Hob.*

Sure never was seen such a rebel,
  Thou worst of undutiful boys;
Thy tongue, like the builders of Babel,
  Confuses the ear with its noise.
Remember thy dreary figure,
  When out of the well thou wast brought;
Thy mother and I toil'd with vigour
  To save thee—And now thou'rt worth nought.

Ah! thou'rt an untoward boy as e'er was born. Marcy forgive me for begetting thee.

[*Exit* O. Hob.

Hob. Marry come up, what's here to do, I trow?

Country-p. Here's the cudgels an't like you; will our worship please to have us begin?

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, by all means; make haste, Roger, and bring forth the hat and favour.

Rog. Here 'tis, an't please you.

Sir Tho. Hang it up there; and he that wins it, let him wear it—The first Somersetshire man that breaks a head, here's half-a-crown for him to drink and he that breaks that rogue Hob's head, shall have another.

Hob. Shall he?

AIR XVI.—*Go vind the vicar of Taunton Dean.*

Go vind the vicar of our town,
And he'll hauld ye an angel o' my head;
And I'll bet you another, and stake it down,
That I break both his and thy head—
Few bouts will set these matters right;
For my cudgel, an't prove a good one,
Shau'd make no distinction 'twixt yeoman and knight,
Sing heyden, dooden, cudden, &c.

Look ye, he that breaks my head shall ha' zomewhat to do, I'll tell you that.—Let'n be who he wull, he shall earn his money; ecod I'll rib'n; and look ye, to begin, here I'll take up the cudgel—and now let the best man here take up t'other a'n he dare——If he be a Zomerzetshire man, let'n be a Zomerzetshire man.——I fight for Gloucestershire, I don't care who knaws it.

Sir Tho. At him, at him there! What! is there nobody dare venture upon him? Neighbour Puzzlepate, take up t'other cudgel.

Puz. Not I, an't please you; I have enough of 'en already, he broke my head but last week.

Sir Tho. Roger—Sirrah, do you take up t'othe cudge and thrash him, d'ye hear, thrash him soundly, sirrah.

Rog. I can't promise that, sir; I'll do my best: I'll break his head if I can, in love; and if he break mine, much good may do him.

Fri. So, if Hob does but get the better of the combat, the testy knight will certainly be provoked to come down, and then we shall have sport.—Dick, help to encourage him.

Ser. Well said, Hob! O brave Hob! now for Gloucestershire, Hob!

Hob. I warrant ye, Maister, let me alone.

Fri. Here, Hob, there's an angel for thee; and if thou break'st his head, I'll give thee another.

Hob. Don't ye vear, Maister; ecod I'll 'noint 'en.

Rog. Do, if thou can'st——I don't fear thee, Hob.

Hob. 'Sblead, I'll dress thy jacket, I'll dowse thy Zomerzetshire coat for thee.

Rog. Will you?

AIR XVII. *In Taunton Dean.*

In Taunton Dean I was born and bred,
And 'tis knawn I don't value a broken head;
Nor shou'd I fear Hob, were he stout in his wrath,
As Hercules or Goulding of Bath.
Fal, lal, &c.

Come on.

Ser. O brave Hob!

All. O brave Roger!——Huzza!

[*Hob breaks his head, takes down the hat and favour, puts it on, and struts about.*

Hob. Ecod I have don't, I have don't, ifaith.

AIR XVIII. *Now comes on the glorious year.*

Now, brave boys, the fight is done,
And I the prize have fairly won;
For I knew I cou'd beat'n four to one.
And that he'll sore remember.
Fal, lal, &c.

Sir Tho. Foul, foul, foul.

Hob. Fair, fair, fair.

Sir Tho. You lie, you dog, 'twas foul.

All. Huzza.

Fri. Stand upon your guard, Hob, the Knight's coming down.

Hob. Is he? Let'n come, and welcome; here I'll stand; I'll take no other than St George's guard. If he lets drive at me, vore Gad, I'll hit'n o'er the sconce an he were a knight of gold.

Sir Tho. Where are these bumkins? Now, who says 'tis fair? I say 'tis foul.

Hob. I say 'tis fair.

[*Sir* THOMAS *endeavouring to come at* HOB, *is held by the country people.*

AIR XIX. *Come, sound up your trumpets.*

Pray let'n come, neighbours, for I ben't afeard:
Dost think I'll be scar'd, like a child at a rod?
I'll keep my ground bravely, and St George's guard.
Take care then, Zir Tomas, I'll 'noint ye, ecod.
With a fal, lal, &c.

[*They let him go,* HOB *breaks his head; he draws his sword.* HOB *and Countrymen run away; Sir* THOMAS *pursues.*

Fri. (*To Flo.*) Now, now, dear creature, if ever you would redeem yourself or me from eternal bondage, be kind, and fly into the arms of liberty.

Flo. What wou'd you have me to do?

AIR XX. *Come, open the door, sweet Betty.*

O fly from this place, dear Flora,
Thy jailor has left thee free;
And before the next blush of Aurora,
You'll find a guardian in me.
Flo. Fain would I exchange for the better;
Confinement can have no charms.
Fri. Think which of your prisons is sweeter;
This or a young lover's arms.

Madam, your uncle has left the garden-door open; there's no mortal now to oppose your flight——Scout ——Scout, you dog, and see that the enemy don't rally upon us.

Ser. Ay, ay, sir. [*Exit Servant.*

Flo. Ah, but consider, if my uncle should surprise me!

Bet. Consider, the door's open, madam.

Fri. Nothing but delay can ruin us.

Flo. O dear, I'm in a thousand frights!

Bet. This is downright provoking! Sir, since you see there's no hopes of my lady, if you can settle the least tip of your heart upon her humble servant, I'll be over the wall in a twinkling.

Flo. Hold, hold; rather than you should break your neck, I will venture—Well, here I am; I tremble every joint of me; now, whither will you carry me? [*They come down.*

Fri. To a doctor that shall cure thee of all fears for ever—To the parson, the parson, my dear angel.

Flo. O Lord! but if he should not be at home now!

Bet. What should we do for something to be afraid of?

AIR XXI. *Ranting, roaring Billy.*

Thus maidens belie their desires,
Yet languish for what they refuse;
And tho' their breasts glow with love's fires,
Seem cold to the joys they would choose.
The tongue and the heart are two factions
We scarce reconcile till made brides;
Like statesmen, our speeches and actions
Have commonly contrary sides. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. There, you rustic rogues, you hard-headed dogs, I think I've at last met with your skulls ——I believe I have notch'd some of your noddles for you——Heyday! the garden-door open, and my niece gone!—My mind misgives me consumedly—

Niece! Betty! Thieves! Robbery! Murder! Lost! Not to be found!

Enter FRIENDLY'S *Servant.*

Ser. So, here he is, and I must bam him till the business is over.

Sir Tho. Thieves! Thieves!

Ser. Pray, sir, what's the matter?

Sir Tho. Oons, sir, let me go, or I'll run my sword into your guts.

Ser. I am afraid your brain's something out of order; and therefore 'twill be a friendly part in me to take care of you.

Sir Tho. Blood and thunder! you dog, get out of my way, or I'll——

Ser. Nay, then—— [*Presenting a pistol.*

AIR XXII. *Stand, who comes there?*

Stand; have a care.
Stand; have a care,
One step to move,
Will fatal prove;
For I know who you are.

Come, sir, make your thrust——

Sir Tho. What the devil are you, sir?

Ser. A philosopher; and this small pop is my argument.

Sir Tho. Oons, sir, I believe you're a highwayman, and your pop there is your livelihood.

Ser. Sir, you may be as scurrilous as you please, provided you don't pass this way.

Sir Tho. 'Sdeath, sir, what business have you to hinder me?

Ser. Sir, I have no business at present but to hinder you.

Sir Tho. But pray, sir, how comes it to be your business?

Ser. Because, sir, 'tis my business to do my master's business; and I have some modest reason to be-

lieve that he and the parson are now doing your niece's business.

Sir Tho. The devil! Murder! where are they, villain?

Ser. Pray, sir, compose yourself, for they are here.

Enter FRIENDLY, FLORA, *and* BETTY.

Fri. Your blessing, sir.

Ser. Does not that show a sweet temper in him now, to ask it of you, that are but his bare uncle?

Sir Tho. I am struck all of a heap, and dumb.

Ser. Come, sir, don't be as obstinate as an old covetous father at the end of a comedy; consider, the main action's over, you had as good be reconcil'd.

Sir Tho. Oons, sir, I can't be reconcil'd.

[*Exit Sir* THO.

Ser. Go thy ways, like a cross-grain'd old fool.

Fri. Let him persist in his obstinacy, it can be no bar to our happiness. You look melancholy, my love.

Flo. I think I've reason—You promis'd to carry me to a doctor that should cure me of my fears. But, on the contrary, I find that the malady increases; and in nothing more than the dread of your inconstancy. I have for ever lost my uncle's favour, and have now no friend but you——Shou'd you hereafter estrange your heart from me, I am wretched indeed—Reflect on what I've said, excuse my suspicions; and remember there is no return of seasons in love.

AIR XXIII. *'Twas on a sunshine summer's day.*

Flo. Sweet is the budding spring of love—
Next, blooming hopes all fears remove;
And when possess'd of beauty's charms,
Fruition, like the summer, warms.
But pleasures, oft repeated, cloy;
To autumn wanes the fleeting joy;
Declining till desires are lost——
Succeeded by eternal frost.
Succeeded, &c.

Fri. Banish those fears, and be assured they are groundless.—Dick!

Ser. Sir.

Fri. Run, and call our country neighbours back again to their diversions, in which they were interrupted by Sir Thomas; tell them they shall be merry with me to-day, to make them amends for being frightened. *(Exit* DICK.*)* 'Twas a happy interruption, for it gave us an opportunity to be for ever fix'd in love.—Look merry, my dear.

Flo. My concern vanishes, now I've disclosed my fears, and cheerfulness will soon resume its throne.

Fri. You shall never have cause to mention those fears again——

Flo. It is easy to talk thus now; but the difficulty will be to speak these sentiments, with truth, a year hence. However, as I have run all hazards for you, honour will oblige you to conceal your inconstancy from me—shou'd you be guilty of it.

AIR XXIV. *Red House. Duetto.*

Flo. Let me not discover
In thee a faithless lover.
Fri. I'll never prove a rover;
But true as a turtle to thee, my dear.
Flo. Love prompts me to believe thee;
Do not then deceive me.
Fri. My conduct ne'er shall grieve thee,
Let this suffice; my heart's sincere.
Flo.——Let our lives be spent——
Fri. ——In merriment;
Flo. With the sweet cement—
Fri. Of soft content;
Flo. May our joys augment—
Fri.——May no dire event—
Both.————Disturb our mutual pleasure.

Enter DICK, HOB, *and Country-Folks.*

Hob. Is Sir Thomas gone?

Fri. Ay, Hob, come in; what art afraid of?

Hob. 'Sblead, I was woundily afraid of's zward had he kept to stick, I'd thrash 'en to mummy.

Fri. I'm sorry, neighbours, Sir Thomas's passionate folly disturb'd your sports one way; I'll endeavour to make you all satisfaction; this is my wedding day, and consequently a day of jubilee.

Coun. We wish you joy, Master Friendly and Mistress——

Hob. I wish ye joy too. But when I was zopp'd i' th' well, I little thought I should live to tell you zo.

Fri. Hob, thou shalt laugh at thy danger, now 'tis over.——Come, we'll have a song and dance, and haste to my dwelling, and finish the day with mirth and hearty cheer: The night I'll dedicate to love and thee.

AIR XXV. *Friendly.*

Success this day has gain'd me possession
Of what I love much dearer than life;
The coming night shall give me fruition
Of all I can wish in a lovely wife.
To enjoy the sweets the country affords,
Who would not forego the servile flattery of courts?
To hunt, fish, and fowl,
And taste the full bowl,
There is nothing so healthful as rural sports.

CHORUS.

Now from envy free,
All friends loyally
Supplicate with me,
Our guardian divinity,
To bless the king and queen, and royal progeny.
Send us peace, trade's increase, health and prosperity.
May Cupid's darts strike sure,
But be the cause the cure!
In virtuous deeds delight—
Happy all unite
In friendship and love.

[*A dance and exeunt.*

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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